

The Sketch

No. 1059.—Vol. LXXXII.

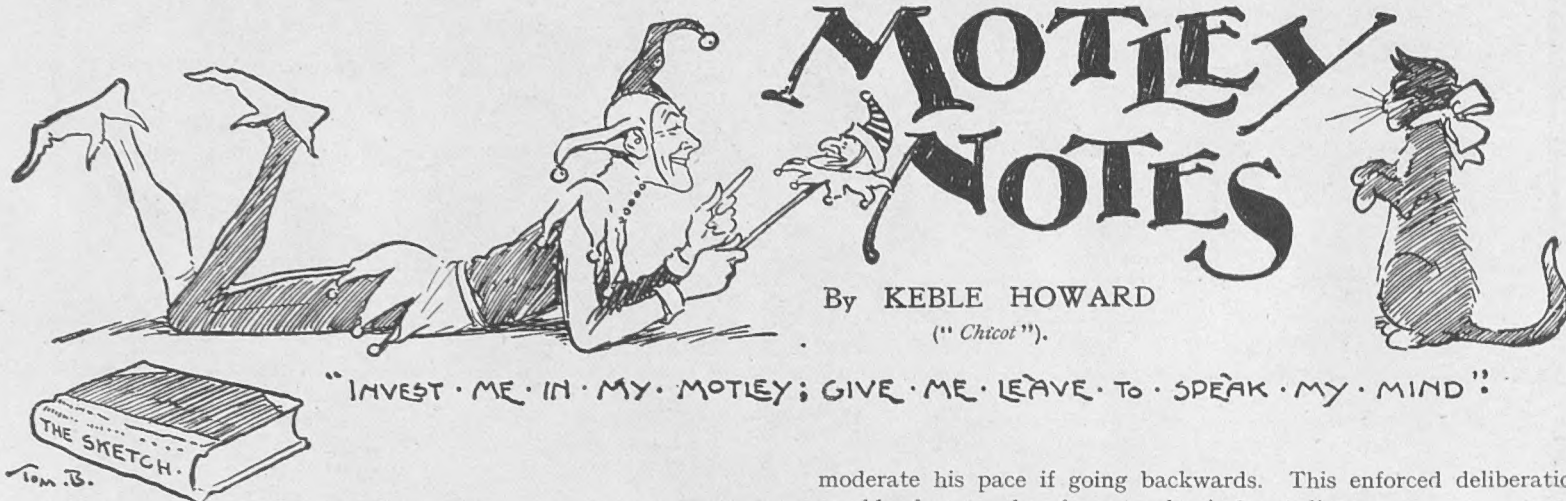
WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



ENGAGED TO THE MARQUESS OF HERTFORD, BETTER KNOWN BY HIS FORMER TITLE,
THE EARL OF YARMOUTH: MRS. MOSSCOCKLE.

The following announcement was made the other day: "A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between George Francis Alexander, Marquess of Hertford and Mrs. Mosscockle, of 26, Hertford Street, Mayfair, and Clewer Park, Berkshire." Mrs. Mosscockle is the widow of a Queensland solicitor, who died in 1904, leaving her a fortune of £652,000. She is very well known in London, and especially, perhaps, at the Opera. The seventh Marquess of Hertford, who succeeded to the title last year, married Alice Cornelia, daughter of the late William Thaw, of Pittsburg, U.S.A., in 1903. The marriage was annulled, on the lady's petition, in 1908. His Lordship, who was born in October 1871, has had a varied career. He has, for example, held a commission in the Black Watch; has been a sheep-farmer in Australia; has skirt-danced in Hobart Town Hall; has written a musical comedy in which, as "Mr. Eric Hope," he appeared; has been a poultry farmer; and has written. Mrs. Mosscockle's first marriage took place in 1883.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]



To Brighten Monday.

A week or two ago, friend the reader, in the course of a conversation about the Londoner's face, we found, I think, that the Monday face was gloomy and overcast. But it is not in London alone that you will observe the gloomy Monday face; you will see it all over the British Isles. The Monday face is as black in Torquay as in Dundee, in Margate as in Limerick.

This, of course, is a mere habit, and a ridiculous habit at that. There is no real reason for this prejudice against Monday. Why should we pick out the first day of the working week upon which to vent our spleen? The beginning of everything should be full of hope, and joy, and confidence. There might be some sense in a man looking gloomy on a Saturday, if the week has treated him ill, but all things are possible on a Monday. During the week that is to come, the young man may meet the maid of his imagination, the business man may make a lucky deal that will lead on to fortune, the betting man may back a winner at long odds, and a theatrical manager may discover a play that will run for five years. Monday, in reality, should be the day for the eager and the sanguine instead of the lowering visage.

I propose, therefore, to form a League for the brightening of Monday. It will be called "THE JOLLY MONDAY LEAGUE." The members will be pledged to smile directly they awake in the morning, and to keep smiling all day. They will greet everybody with the cry, "A Happy New Week to You!" Why not? You can't have a happy year unless you have happy weeks.

Monday Maxims. Here are some other maxims that will be constantly on the lips of the members of "THE JOLLY MONDAY LEAGUE"—

(1) FOR A HUSBAND: "Good-bye, darling! I'm glad it's Monday, so that I can go to the office and earn more money for you and the darling children!"

(2) FOR A WIFE: "Good-morning, Mrs. Ellern. A happy new week to you! Isn't it interesting doing the washing?"

(3) FOR A DAUGHTER: "Ah! Once again I am to have the inexpressible pleasure of dusting the drawing-room!"

(4) FOR A SON: "I had too much to drink on Saturday night. I always do. That is bad for me and is also a waste of money. Thank goodness this is Monday!"

(5) FOR A SCHOOLBOY: "I shall be caned this morning for last week's marks. Hurrah! That will wipe them off, and I shall start again with a clear sheet!"

(6) FOR AN EMPLOYER: "Monday! Good! No wages to pay until Saturday!"

(7) FOR AN EMPLOYEE: "Monday! Good! The boss will not frown to-day, because he has no wages to pay until Saturday!"

(8) FOR A DOG: "Monday? Good! How I loathe having the house full of people and all the best chairs occupied! Now for another week of more or less perfect peace!"

Thus shall we all be one-seventh happier.

"Upstairs Backwards."

I have been reading an interesting little interview with a doctor who urges people to walk upstairs backwards.

"Firstly and most important," said the doctor, "walking upstairs backwards would prevent any tendency to hurry. No matter how inveterate a 'stair-rush' a man might be, he would have to

moderate his pace if going backwards. This enforced deliberation would, of course, be of great value in heart disease.

"The second effect would be to relieve the strain from the ordinary walking and climbing muscles, (those on the front of the thigh) and to press into service those on the back of the leg, which ordinarily do no work in climbing stairs. The total result, therefore, might be a saving in muscular wear and tear through a more economical distribution of effort. This, of course, would also be of value in cases of heart weakness."

Another eminent specialist, to whom this interview was submitted, said,—

"Yes, there is a good deal to be urged in favour of walking upstairs backwards. It is better still, however, to do everything backwards. For example, if people would only walk backwards in the street, they would avoid the little bits of grit that are so injurious to the eyesight. We should also stamp out the scourge of influenza, the back being less susceptible to the oncoming breeze than the chest and nose.

"Personally, I always walk upstairs backwards, but I come down on my hands. Children are sometimes punished for doing this, but that is wrong. If parents were not so short-sighted, they would, so far from hindering their children from thus descending on the hands instead of the feet, positively encourage them to do so.

"My own children have all been taught from earliest infancy to come downstairs on their hands. Not only do we thus effect a great saving in the wear and tear of stair-carpet and shoes, but the muscles of the forearm are strengthened to a remarkable degree. My eldest daughter, aged nineteen, could, I verily believe, fell an ox, and I attribute this muscular development solely to the fact that she has walked downstairs on her hands since the age of two. As for my youngest daughter, aged three, she can already pick up the cat by the tail and hurl it across the nursery. As years go by, I look forward to some very startling feats from this child.

"Returning for a moment, however, to the suggestion that everybody should do everything backwards, you have only to let your imagination roam a little to see the immense advantage to be derived from the practice by humanity at large. Take, for instance, the ordinary day in the life of the ordinary man. Immediately on rising, he would take a pipe and a whisky-and-soda. He would then sit down to a game of bridge with a few friends (three, for choice) and presently have dinner. A game of bowls, or tennis, or croquet would follow, and then tea.

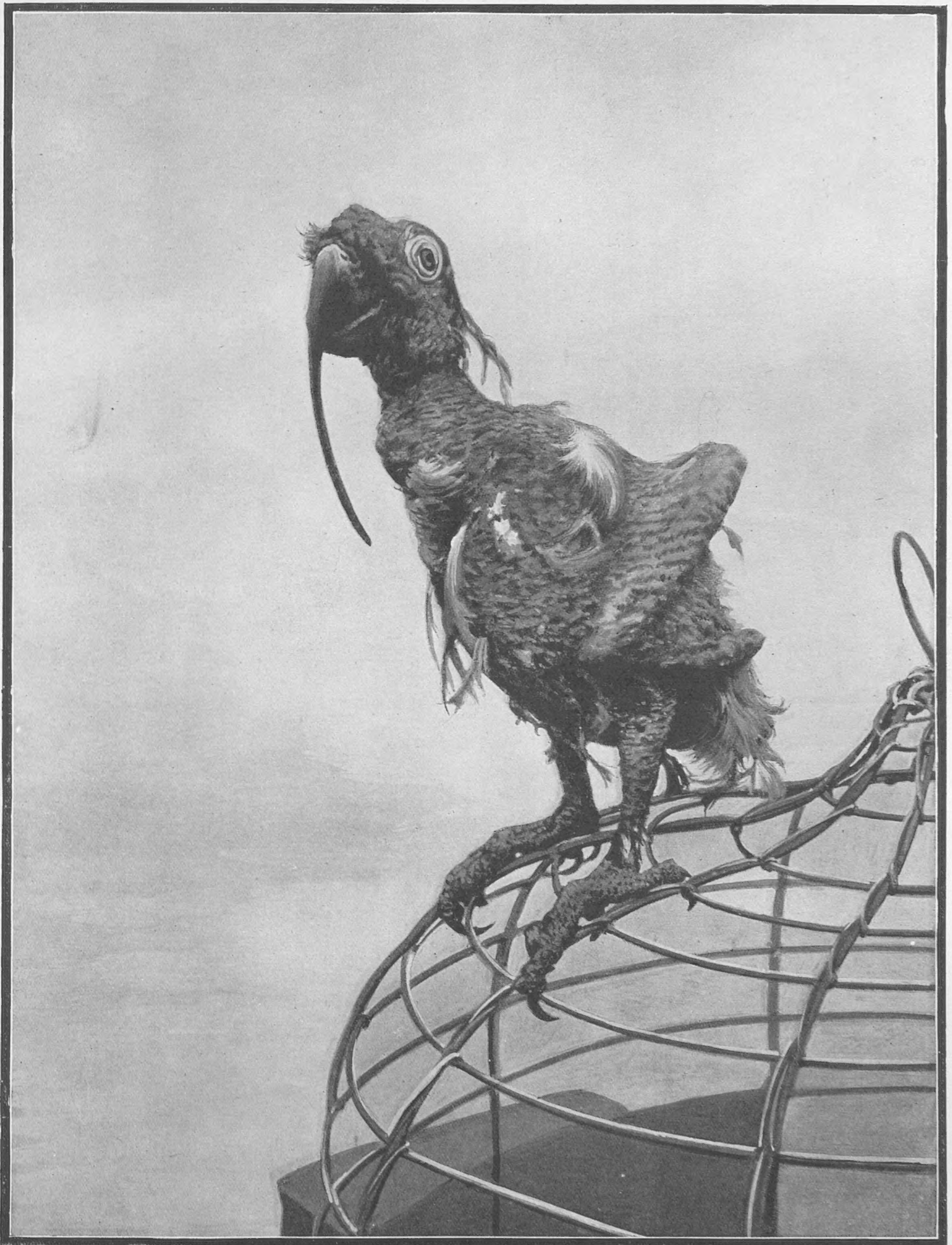
"Next to business, which he would begin with the leisurely work usually associated with the afternoon. Then lunch, the really important work of the day, followed by breakfast, a bath, and so to bed."

Sinister Golf-Balls. I have always thought that there was something peculiarly sinister about a golf-ball. A cricket-ball is merely brutal, a football sulky, a tennis-ball flirtatious, a croquet-ball sly, a base-ball savage. But a golf-ball, undoubtedly, is sinister. Virgin-white against the green of the turf, it lies at your feet and says meekly, "Hit me, dear friend." But it knows very well that the invitation, though accepted, will rarely be fulfilled. Try to accept that invitation, and you are a man accursed. The devil in the golf-ball leads you along the devil's dance to destruction. And many there be that follow the path.

It has been left to a boy of ten to free humanity from the lure of the golf-ball. A boy of ten cut open a golf-ball to see what was inside it. He found a devil in the ball, which spat at the little lad with a tongue of flame and blinded him in the right eye. That ball contained caustic soda, hydrochloric acid, and zinc chloride.

Of course. I always knew it.

THE PRESENT, THE AGE OF THE OLD: PROOF FOR THE L.C.J.



A BIRD WE SHOULD TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—WERE HE ON THE RIGHT PAGE! COCKY BENNETT,
 “ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN YEARS OLD, AT TOM UGLY’S POINT, NEW SOUTH WALES.”

We have received, through a contributor unnamed, the photograph here reproduced from a cutting sent by that contributor, and evidently taken from the “Queenslander.” The title given to the photograph is “Cocky Bennett, 116 years old, at Tom Ugly’s Point, New South Wales.” The photograph bears the date, “September 1st, 1912,” and says that the bird was at the Sea Breeze Hotel. Whether the age of the parrot be correct or not, at least it looks old enough—and wise enough—to be in sympathy with Lord Alverstone in his belief that many great people do their best work between the ages of 65 and 80, or certainly between 65 and 75.

Photograph supplied by Illustrations Bureau.

FOR SPORTIVE WOMAN AND HAVING THE INFLUENCES OF MARCH



1. "DEAUVILLE."

2. "ISIS."

Said M. Léon Bakst the other day of his determination to design modern dresses: "I was led to this subject from having to design the costumes for Debussy's new ballet, 'Les Jeux,' which, being the music of the future, tries to express the ideas of the future. . . . It was in searching for notions to inspire my pencil that I thought of approaching Mme. Paquin to ask her to allow me to clothe the modern woman. What is the characteristic of the age? . . . I came to the conclusion that it was sportiveness. . . . And now the costume that I have imagined is based on woman's desire for freedom of movement. . . . I think I can best explain my aims by saying that I wished to express

From the Original Designs by M. L.

APRIL, MAY, AND FUTURISM: MODERN DRESSES BY LÉON BAKST.



3. "PHILOMÈLE."

4. "IOLANTE."

artorially the springtime of the earth. If my designs seek to hark back to classic times, to the period when the race was finest and civilisation the highest, it is because I have tried to represent the same conditions. There is the simplicity of colour and the influences of March and April and May in my designs. . . . My ornamental effects are rather in the order of the Futurist. I wished for something frank and unconventional. The general appearance of the robe is the same whether seen from a distance or from close at hand." We quote the "Pall Mall Gazette." M. Bakst, it seems scarcely necessary to remind our readers, designed many of the famous costumes and much of the scenery for the Russian Ballet.

Bakst; realised by Mme. Paquin.

DRURY LANE.

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NOTES FROM THE OPERA HOUSE.

THEY are not to be envied who have lost the power of responding to the appeal of a charming fairy-story, or who fail to see, in the case of "Königskinder," the delicate satire underlying it. Pure enjoyment in no stinted measure is lost to them, and they are left to find satisfaction in operas that stand on a lower plane and make a more primitive appeal. Blood and lust have their place in the scheme of things; the pity is that in the opera-house they are not satisfied with that place—they claim an amount of consideration to which they are not entitled, and succeed in stimulating the opera-goer's appetite until at last it becomes jaded and demands the spice of sensation in order to enjoy its fare. If young Italy had not trafficked so heavily in operatic crime, German works like "Königskinder" would make an irresistible appeal, and those who are losing, but have not quite lost, their taste for comparatively simple stories of love and fancy would make haste to recover it. Young Germany—the Germany whose appeal followed Wagner's—has given us so much that is sane, healthy, and attractive; one thinks with a sigh of "The Barber of Baghdad," that master-work of Cornelius, heard but once or twice, and rejected by the Covent Garden audience. For the moment it is better to praise than to criticise the gifts of the gods. "Königskinder" has been given once, and at time of writing is set down for another performance; and once more this opera may be claimed as one of the masterpieces of living composers. The more one hears it, the more one realises that Humperdinck has caught and expressed the spirit of Frau Bernstein's story. His music is the perfect comment upon the text, and breathes the serene air of fairyland quite as freely as those who move about the stage. Wonder and pity are the keystones of its dominant moods; one feels that Humperdinck must unite with the brain of a great composer the heart of a little child. The musical thought is so exquisitely simple and appropriate, the orchestral texture so rich, so skilfully devised, there is not a phrase that illustrates the stage action without suggesting the skilled musician at the same time. So while the story moves along its appointed way, ear and mind are alike entranced by the comment upon it. We see how a composer of Humperdinck's gift can lift an apparently simple tale into the realm of the art that endures, and we are conscious that this is a masterpiece no less than some exquisite representation of a country fête by Watteau or the Luxembourg picture of the fisherman by Puvis de Chavannes.

Last week's performance enabled the work to be enjoyed to the full, for Dr. Rottenberg appears not only to know, but to enjoy, the music, and the orchestral playing came near to being perfect. Frau Angela Sax, who took the part of the Goose Girl, was admittedly recovering from a cold, but her acting left nothing to be desired, and her light and comparatively small soprano voice seemed more suited to the part than a voice of greater capacity might have been. A newcomer, Herr Zeigler, warmed to the part of the King's son, and moved in a crescendo of achievement to the end; while Herr Rudolf Hofbauer, as the Spielmann, created hardly less impression than he did a few nights before in the entirely different part of Colonel Chabert. Miss Kathleen Howard's Witch and Miss Gladys Beckley's Töchterchen were good; even when the latter sang out of tune in the third act, the childish grace of her movements atoned, and it is fair to say that she soon regained her control. All the small parts were well sung, and it was possible to feel the spell that the performance exercised upon a large audience until the last solemn notes were issuing from the orchestra, and then, of course, the stampede began. It was the moment when the little children follow the bier on which Goose Girl and Prince are being carried away, and are calling mournfully to their departed friends—an exquisitely poignant moment, deeply felt by the composer; but there was, as usual, a certain percentage of the audience that would neither wait for it nor permit others to enjoy it undisturbed. Such manners do not greatly matter where the average opera is concerned, and some healthy-looking prima-donna has just died of consumption, but "Königskinder" is only to be given twice in the season, and deserves more courteous attention. It may be remarked in this connection that the closing bars of "Götterdämmerung" are equally important.

The German season ending on Monday night next has been conspicuously successful, and has the advantage of coming to an end before the public has tired of it. Three "Ring" cycles establish a record, and pave the way for a further record, for next year we are to see "Parsifal" at Covent Garden—in fact, some of the scenery is already prepared for this most ambitious project of the Syndicate. It is to be hoped that, after so many years of expectation and vain hopes, the London that has not been to Bayreuth will not find "Parsifal" old-fashioned. This is hardly outside the bounds of possibility.

It is interesting to read that certain Americans are about to devote some of their superfluous dollars to backing an autumn season of Grand Opera at popular prices. The Metropolitan directorate is lending its aid. Some effort of the kind would be welcome over here. At present, autumn opera in London is left to the unsupported efforts of one or two men, and it is practically impossible to cover expenses. The general public still regard Grand Opera as something standing more in need of uninformed criticism than support.



THE CLUBMAN

AN INDIAN MARRIAGE "OFF": POLO TOPICS: NEW LIGHT ON THE OPIUM TRAFFIC: COLD STORAGE.

The House of Cooch Behar.

The House of Cooch Behar seems just now to be out of luck. The Maharajah has been seriously ill, and although very pluckily he would not put off his shooting-party given for the Governor of Bengal, some of the days in the jungle have been cut short because the Maharajah did not feel well enough to go through the long day's sport. His next brother, Prince Jitendra, was to have married Princess Indira, the daughter of the Gaekwar of Baroda, in Calcutta, and great preparations had been made in the premier city of the Empire for the event; but the Princess, that very charming young lady who rides so well in the Row and is an Englishwoman in all her amusements and occupations, at the last moment decided to break off the engagement, and has already started for England with her father. The Cooch Behar estates lie eastward of Bengal, near the Bhutan frontier. Cooch Behar is a ruling Prince, and ranks with the other great Maharajahs of India; but he has this advantage—and disadvantage—that his caste permits him to sit at table with Europeans, and to take his wife to balls and other such amusements to which ladies who are behind the purdah do not go. No high-caste Rajah would ever lower his caste, but many of them envy the privileges which come to other Princes who are not Brahmins.

How the Polo Ponies Travelled.

The polo ponies which have already preceded the British team of polo-players to America travelled under conditions more luxurious, I fancy, than any number of horses or ponies have ever enjoyed before. I have seen, on a mail-steamer in the Indian Ocean, a racehorse (which it was hoped would win the Calcutta Cup) led out from his box with feet in leather shoes for exercise on the deck; but the polo ponies received far more attention than this. On the *Minneapolis*, tan was laid down on the 630-foot stretch of the main-deck, and the forty-two ponies daily took their exercise over this improvised Rotten Row. The ponies were valued at £20,000, and Energy—the pick, perhaps, of the basket—is supposed to be worth £1000, a price which puts polo ponies far above hunters and close on to the value of racehorses.

At Hurlingham.

It seemed curious, on the first day of the Hurlingham season, to find the "Old Cantabs" playing a match, and not to find the familiar faces of last season above the light-blue jackets; but the old "Old Cantabs" are on their way to America, and their successors are now keeping up the credit of what, last year, was an ever-victorious team. Hurlingham was looking very beautiful, the trees being all in spring foliage, with the azaleas in full bloom and the lilac and rhododendrons commencing to flower. The new lawns and terrace by the river, which were in the making last year, are now in admirable order, and to the click of

the tennis-balls in front of the club is now added the click of the polo-ball on the new practice-ground to the side of the old mansion. The band does not play until the middle of May at Hurlingham, but the grounds, even without the band and even with little polo, are an attraction that should take all members of the club down to Fulham.

The Opium Question.

More than once, on the strength of having, eighteen years ago, known something of the condition of the cultivators in the opium districts of India, I have had my say on the matter of stopping the exportation of the drug from India; but I have read extracts from the report for 1912 of the Opium Agent at Ghazipur which throw, to me, quite a new light on the present state of the opium industry. The Opium Agent, who naturally thinks of the opium income, reports with regret that the last two years have been unfavourable to opium-cultivation, and he writes that, with the exception of Budaun, the complaint is general among the ryots that the poppy cannot compete with other crops which give a larger return with less labour, are less liable to injury, and command steadily increasing prices; and he adds that even the convenience of an advance of money without interest and the conservatism of the ryots are not proof against these drawbacks. As it would seem that the closing-down of the cultivation of the opium poppies in India would not inflict any injury upon the ryots, everyone will agree that the Indian Government should not bribe the cultivators to grow more opium than is required for medical purposes, and that, if the Chinese really wish to be free of imported opium, no opium should be forced into China against the will of the officials. Anyone who is in doubt on this subject should read the report to which I have alluded.

The Cold-Storage Banquet.

Many years ago, one of the great social upheavals was the stern refusal of the autocrats of the kitchen and housekeeper's room to eat Australian frozen mutton. The frozen mutton of those days was a very different thing from the meat which comes nowadays from the Colonies to Great Britain, which is simply kept chilled during the voyage. A banquet has been held at the Hotel Cecil at which the fish, flesh, and fowl had all been brought in cold storage from far-distant lands. The salmon came from the west coast of Canada, the lamb from Canterbury, New Zealand, and the beef from the River Plate. The quails came from Egypt, the pineapples from Jamaica, and the apples from Australia; and nothing, from soup to dessert, but was of the finest quality and in beautiful condition. One by one the old prejudices are dropping away from us, and even our cooks and our butlers have surrendered to the march of cold storage.

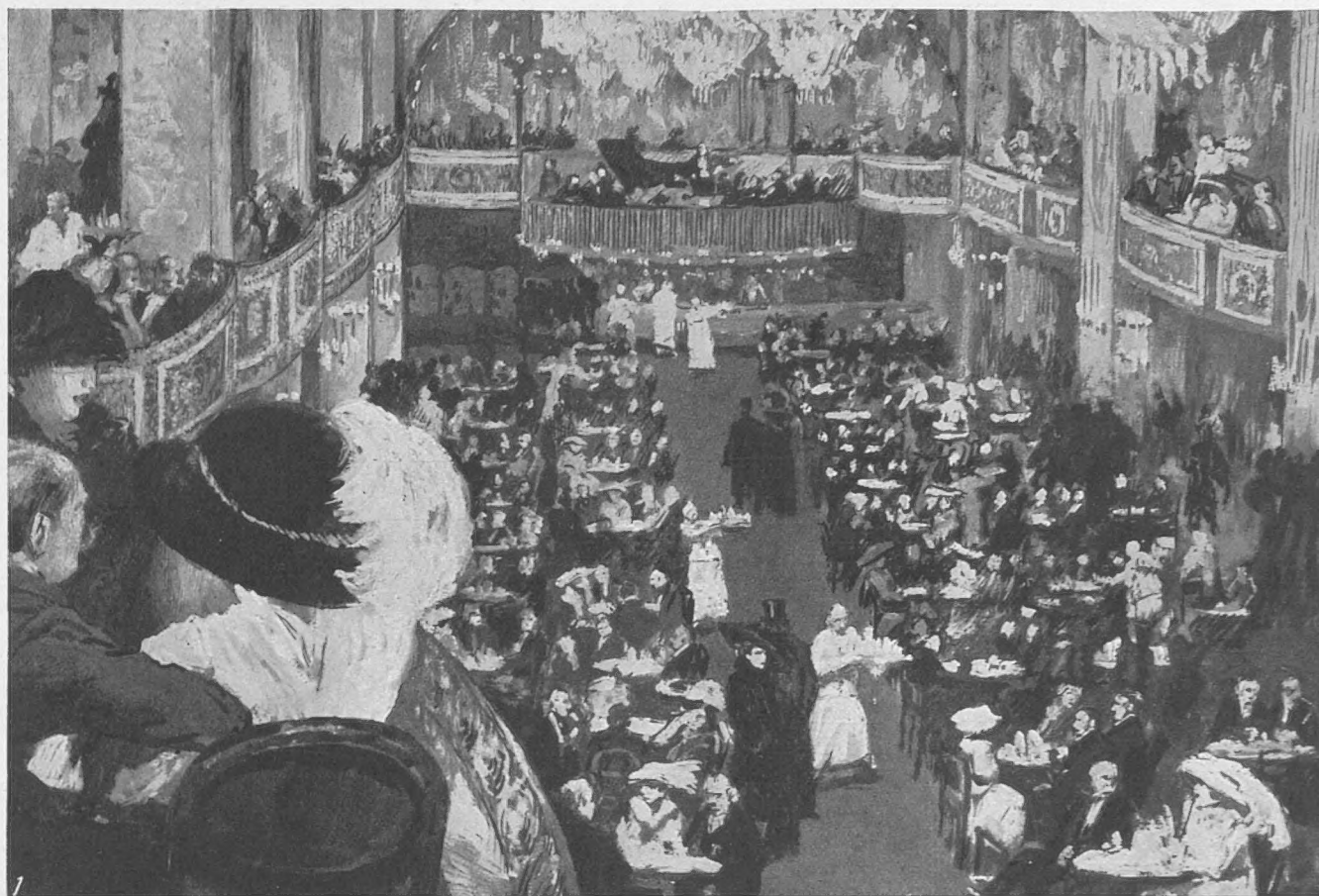


PAINTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND PRINCESS MARY FOR THE NATION: MR. JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.

Mr. Lavery's painting of the King and Queen with their eldest son and their only daughter, in Buckingham Palace, is attracting much attention at the Royal Academy, and causing much discussion. It is destined for the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Lavery was born in Belfast, and studied in Glasgow, London, and Paris. He is R.S.A., R.H.A., A.R.A., and a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy and of Leopold of Belgium. He is also represented at this year's Royal Academy by "The Summit of the Jungfrau," "The Lady Gwendoline Spencer-Churchill," "The Lord Joicey," and "Japanese Switzerland."

Photograph by Sport and General.

SKITTISH BERLIN—ON THE SPREE: A RIVAL TO PARIS.



1. THE LAST CALLING - PLACE OF THE NIGHT ROUND: FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING IN A BERLIN CAFÉ.

2. SMART NIGHT-LIFE IN GAY BERLIN: AT THE PALAIS DE DANSE.

Berlin—associated in many minds chiefly with warlike preparations and pageantry—is rivalling Paris in its light-heartedness, and is seeking to be the gayest city of Europe. At night, in particular, it has come to suggest the more frivolous life of the French capital.

DRAWINGS BY M. GOSCHALL.



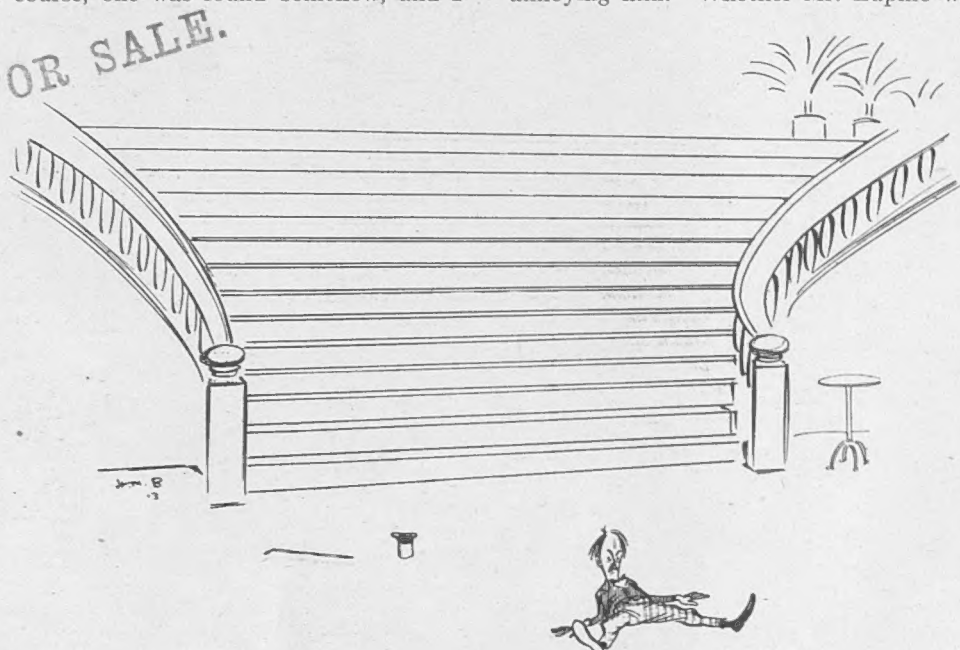
THE EMPIRE'S REVUE: "ALL THE WINNERS."

The Revue Musical Comedy.

The Empire revue, called "All the Winners," seems likely to be one of them, judging by the fact that on the night when I honoured the house, there was much difficulty in finding an empty seat for me. However, of course, one was found somehow, and I had ten minutes before the revue began in which to wonder why it is called "All the Winners"—and I don't know yet. And also, why a revue? The *com-père* and *commère* have been banished, and with them went the last links between a kind of musical comedy and the French revue. The resemblance to musical comedy is quite noteworthy. We had a first act with a definite plot, logical and consistent—it is called a first "scene," but that doesn't matter—and then carefully calculated chaos, during which we were left wondering what became of the plot. I don't complain, but merely murmur a little, because I felt curious about that plot. We began with a scene in "The Hotel Monopole, Brighton"—and if there be such a place it has a gorgeous case for libel—and were soon introduced to the Duchess of Compton, called "Compton" to introduce a neat line in which she observed that "Mrs. R. C. Carton is the only actress on the stage who can look like a Duchess, and I'm the only real Duchess who doesn't look like an actress." Rather hard, that, on Miss Kate Sergeantson, who played the part, and really has much of the grand style. The Duchess was head of a league—to which I shall be glad to subscribe a few thousands—for the suppression of ragtime, and she was supported by Mr. G. R. Sims. The famous journalist, who is equally great at improving the Briton's hair and the British Empire, was well represented by Mr. Walter Dowling so far as appearance goes. Whether he was like him in speech I don't know, since "G. (R.) S." (only the middle letter different from another great man) and I are not on speaking terms: his fault, because he has never heard of poor little me. Then we had a lot of fascinating Suffragettes, headed by Miss Maidie Hope as Christobel, who was very "fetching"—a word they won't let me use in serious papers. And the Suffragettes had a scheme. Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford—otherwise, the elastic Mr. Lionel Mackinder—had a large fortune; and so, of course, has Mr. L. M., if he hasn't spent it, and has been paid according to his popularity. Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford—or shall we say "Alice, for short"?—was to forfeit his fortune if he got married, so Christobel and her handmaids wanted to plant a wife on him, and she summoned Cupid.

The Calculated Chaos.

And Mr. Barry Lupino was really funny as Cupid, and also when he was changed to the character of the famous politician carefully called "Mr. George" by some journalists in the very vain hope of annoying him. Whether Mr. Lupino was like Mr. Lloyd George in speech I don't know, for he and I are not on speaking terms since he refused to pay for my splendid suggestion to raise revenue by a tax on ragtime tunes. "Alice for Short" has been married secretly to Miss Ida Crispi: I was going to say "lucky dog," but remembered that she was the Queen of Ragtime. So, you see, there were fine complications. Unfortunately, I am unable to follow them up and tell you about Miss Unity More, for memory failed me, and when I looked at my notes, written in the semi-darkness, I found that I had been using a pencil with no lead—which is a lesson against relying on notes. But, of course, I remember



AFTER A CHARACTERISTIC ACT! MR. BARRY LUPINO.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Miss Unity because she's a very charming creature, with a delightful little individual note in her dancing.

Hicks, Hicks, Hicks, Hurrah!

The second act took place in front of the town hall at Hindle; but I don't remember that Mr. Stanley Houghton was introduced, though we saw Fanny Hawthorn. The chief person, apart from Messrs. Barry Lupino and Fred Payne—who were much applauded for their patter and knock-about business as two voters—was "Mr. Seymour Hicks as himself." What energy he has! What tremendous energy as dancer and singer and joker! I wonder what his registered horse-power is: certainly quite high enough to drive a big car. And the third scene was at Monte Carlo—which, I may tell you in strict confidence, has never been represented before on the stage. And there was more Hicks in it, working at the same high pressure. And what it was all about I can't tell you, though, having regard to the state of my notes, I have a kind of *carte blanche* on my imagination. And, after all, to use the classic phrase of Spinoza, "Oo cares tuppence?" Anyhow, lots of dances, heaps of catchy music, plenty of pretty girls, a number of clever people, and a collection of staggering frocks, and the house applauded heartily. And really, I might have told you all about the plot by consulting the programme, but I've no space left, and I'm not going to cut out the tosh already written in order to make room. The rate of wages in our trade union isn't high enough to make that sort of thing pay.



PORTRAIT OF A WELL-KNOWN COMEDIAN WORKING UP HIS PART.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

And really, I might have told you all about the plot by consulting the programme, but I've no space left, and I'm not going to cut out the tosh already written in order to make room. The rate of wages in our trade union isn't high enough to make that sort of thing pay.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: THE EMPIRE'S NEW REVUE.



"ALL THE WINNERS": SKETCHES AT THE EMPIRE DURING THE REVUE.

"All the Winners," the latest Empire revue, is very popular. It is by Mr. C. H. Bovill, with music composed and arranged by Mr. Cuthbert Clarke. In the foreground of the drawing are caricatures of Miss Maidie Hope as Christobel and Mr. Barry Lupino as Cupid. Behind this pair is Miss Ida Crisp as Truly Peach; behind her, to her left, is Mr. Vernon Watson as Frank Tinney.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE HOME SECRETARY AND MRS. M'KENNA.

HOME SECRETARIES often want to cry, and when the railings of Hyde Park were uprooted by the Reform rioters, Spencer Walpole broke down in the House. Inasmuch as he broke down, he was a failure. To a Prime Minister, bowed with the cares of the Nation, tears are sometimes permitted. The House grows sentimental and makes allowances for the weaknesses of a man strong enough to be its leader. But to a Home Secretary no such indulgence is extended. Mr. M'Kenna will never break down.

Matters of Fact. He is not a hard man, but a sure. In Meredith's line, he is "hot for certainties." Thus it falls out that there has never been a Minister so heartily approved by his staff. He accepts the facts and figures that are diligently, and often correctly, prepared for him. Nothing weighs with him against the official version. "Accepted of Song," say the poets when they would make you understand that a thing is true beyond dispute. "Accepted of my secretaries," would be nearer Mr. M'Kenna's ideal. He must not, on this account, be thought of as a man who shirks an iota of his responsibilities. On the contrary, he embraces them. He accepts the reports and opinions of governors and doctors and magistrates because he believes whole-heartedly in them; and in his duty to believe them; he accepts the findings of science against those of sentiment and is content to abide the consequences.

Clean-Handed. Mr. M'Kenna's name is never mentioned in the "wireless" tangle, and never will be. The little birds—scavenger sparrows—that whisper secrets in the City are well informed in so far as they stop short of the Home Secretary. The Committee may make a hundred mistakes, but it will not call Mr. M'Kenna to defend his honour. It is willing to face the First Lord's first-class Admiralty storm; but to call Mr. M'Kenna would be every bit as perilous; it would be even more laughable.

In Smith Square. Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenna are among the Smith Square colonists. No. 36 is a Lutyens house of the best sort. A delightful stairway, with most rare wrought-iron railings, leads to a drawing-room and a nursery that suggest Mr. Lutyens is wasting his time in Delhi. Nobody wants a new capital, everybody a No. 36. The dining-room is white with pale

oak pillars grouped in each corner. It is a place where Antonello da Messina might have broken his bread and taken his rough wine after a day's painting, and in doing so suffered no indignity. Of Victorian dining-rooms nobody dare say so much. Smith Square was once typical of Smith—a British square that has been broken from within by Mrs. M'Kenna and her architect.



MR. REGINALD M'KENNA.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Music and the Mantelpiece.

It happens that No. 36 does really possess, or in part possess, a craftsman who can be named with the young and old masters of the fifteenth century. The mantelpiece in the library is carved by Sir Herbert Jekyll, who wanted to have a hand in the making of No. 36. To describe Sir Herbert's hand, crafty and artful are words that must be restored to their uncorrupt meanings. A man after Ruskin's own heart, but more liberal, it was he who took the author of "Modern Painters" to a first hearing of the "Ring," and heard Wagner and himself soundly rated in consequence. His interest in music, and his talents as a musician, are inherited by his daughter, whose compositions must now be reckoned with by the appraisers of modern music.

The New Housewife.

While Sir Herbert did his carving, Mrs. M'Kenna filled the shelves. It is something to have gotten out of the Victorian dining-room; it is something, too, to have formed a library that is neither ponderous nor trivial. To find the thousand best books is one of the requirements of the modern housewife, for in the modern world there is no room for the books that are not read, and in the modern mind no room for the literature that does not help "to make one's soul."



MRS. REGINALD M'KENNA.

Mr. M'Kenna, Home Secretary since 1911, and—they themselves will tell you—by virtue of his office the chief enemy of the militant Suffragettes, was born on July 6, 1863, and is a son of the late Mr. Columban M'Kenna. He has been M.P. for North Monmouthshire since 1895. He has been Financial Secretary of the Treasury, President of the Board of Education, and First Lord of the Admiralty. In 1887 he rowed bow for Cambridge, and has won the Grand and the Stewards' Cup at Henley. Before her marriage, in 1908, Mrs. M'Kenna was known as Miss Pamela Jekyll, daughter of Sir Herbert Jekyll.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

The Triumph of Youth.

There are other things that Mrs. M'Kenna has had time to find. Her motor not seldom carries her Northwards to the Cattle Market—but not in search of a cow to match the Smith Square acre. She goes, and everybody goes, too, on the day of odds and ends, when you can buy anything from a Toby-mug to a tombstone. Her friends go, too, but let it be said that it is Mrs. M'Kenna who has the *flair* for collectings; the "finds" are hers. Her eye is as keen among the stalls as on the links. Perhaps because she gives the least possible time to the affairs of a tea-table, and finds the flight of her golf-ball more interesting than the flight of a Duchess, perhaps because she stoops to conquer in her nursery rather than in politics, or among people who have forgotten how to be children, she will remain (as she is at present) the youngest and the wisest of Ministers' wives.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



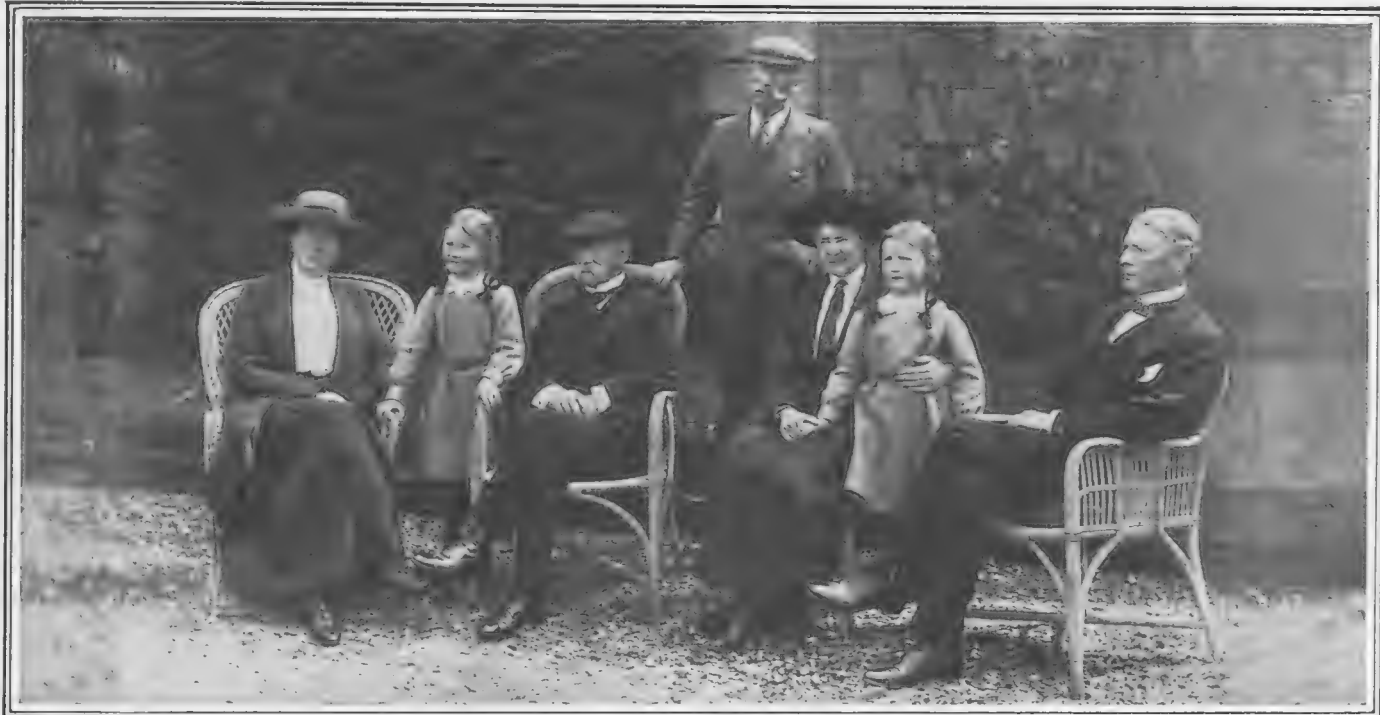
MR. JUSTICE EVE—FOR LIKING PARADISAL SIMPLICITY AND BEING MISTAKEN FOR A GIPSY.



MR. MARCONI AND MR. GODFREY ISAACS—FOR SEEING THEIR NAMES SO OFTEN IN LARGE TYPE ON NEWSPAPER PLACARDS.



MRS. DENNIS BOLES—ON HAVING RECOVERED FROM HER RECENT HUNTING ACCIDENT.



LORD ROBERTS—FOR BEING STILL AN ACTIVE CAMPAIGNER AT EIGHTY, AND CAPPING HIS CAREER WITH HIS SPEECH ON COMPULSORY SERVICE, AT GLASGOW.



THE SANDWICH-SUFFRAGETTE—FOR ADOPTING SANER TACTICS THAN ARSON OR SACRILEGE.



MR. HENLEY—FOR BEING ABLE TO DISTINGUISH A UNIONIST FROM A LIBERAL UMBRELLA.



THE SANDWICH-SUFFRAGETTE—FOR REALISING THAT HUMOUR IS MORE POPULAR THAN BOMBS.

When a caravanner was summoned for obstruction at Tiverton the other day, it was pointed out that one of his Majesty's Judges, Mr. Justice Eve, has a caravan and often tours with it in the West Country. The Judge drives himself, cooks his own meals, cleans his own boots, and smokes a short pipe. He has more than once been taken for a gipsy.—Mr. Marconi gave evidence on the 7th before the Marconi Committee. He said he resented the publicity given to affairs of his company unconnected with the Government contract, especially the business carried out by him and Mr. Godfrey Isaacs in America. "I cannot go out, any day," complained Mr. Marconi also, "without seeing on the placards, 'Marconi scandal,' 'Marconi manners,' and 'Marconi scenes.' I strongly object to my name being made a by-word of party politics, and a peg on which to hang all kinds of scandalous insinuations."—Mrs. Dennis Boles, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Dennis Boles, M.P., had a serious hunting accident in March, while out with the West Somerset Hounds, of which her husband is master. She has fortunately recovered.—Lord Roberts was born in 1832. The photograph shows the house party at Pollok House during his recent visit to Glasgow. From left to right (sitting) are Lady Stirling-Maxwell, Lord Roberts, Lady Aileen Roberts, and Lord Glenconner; (standing) Sir John Stirling-Maxwell. The two children are Lady Stirling-Maxwell's daughter and niece.—Mr. Henley, who retired at Whitsuntide, has long had charge of the hats, coats, and umbrellas of M.P.s at the House of Commons. He has served there for forty-five years, and remembers the first Disraeli Government.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Partridge, Lambert Weston, Lafayette of Glasgow, and G.P.U.



CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

TWO of the guests at the royal dinner-party given by his Excellency Count Albert Mensdorff in Belgrave Square had to confess, when the talk turned to European cities, that they had never been to the Austrian capital. Like Charing Cross Station, it is one of the places where, if a man waits long enough, he may capture any enemy or embrace any friend. But it sometimes happens, nowadays, that New York, or Corfu, or even Brighton, has an earlier position in the itinerary of English travellers. "I will start at once; I will go to Vienna to-morrow morning!" exclaimed a charming defaulter,

in answer to the Ambassador's pretended reproaches. "And I, too," joined in the Duke of Portland. The next morning the Duke did really board the Continental express—but only according to an Austrian plan made many days before. The lady missed it, and by more than a minute!

Academy The unfriendly
Disappointments. Press

notices do nothing to lessen the Academy crowd. The Private View was hardly so brilliant as usual, but it took place before the critics had their say, and would not in any case be affected by them. Since the Private View Burlington House has been filled

account, he stumbled over some sacred and newly cleaned accoutrements, despite a shouted warning from their owner. "Take that, you rascal!" cried the soldier, and "clipped" the Prince under the ear. He was afterwards told whom he had assaulted; but he seems to have retained his liking for decisive action and retributive justice; he won the V.C., and afterwards became warden in the Penal Department of New South Wales—a sequel that always interested and amused the King.

In Search of His "Bride-Elect."

Lord Cecil Manners has had the curiosity to make a search for his "bride-elect," the lady to whom, according to a hoaxer's announcement, he is engaged. It would have been fair to let the lady, or her father, the doctor, make the first denials. But Lord Cecil could not come to terms with either of them, because he could not find them. Lord Cecil

did not, in the nature of things, take the jest so seriously as some of the friends who wrote to congratulate him; he was never, so to speak, deceived. But next to a premature obituary notice, there is nothing that has so queer a look in a public print as the announcement that your marriage has been arranged with a lady unknown to you; and whether a death or a wedding is concerned, Lord Cecil would no doubt prefer to have done something to deserve printer's ink.

Mr. Sabin. Lady Wemyss

had the enterprise to visit Sotheby's for the Browning sale, and to buy; but for the most part the relics, and the prices, were left to the dealers. Mrs. Barrett Browning, the widowed daughter-in-law of the poet and poetess, was an unobserved observer of the proceedings; and probably not more than one person in the room recognised her. The last day saw a greater mingling of strangers among the experts; but even when countesses took up the bidding, Mr. Sabin, looking wonderfully like the youthful portraits of Disraeli, most often caught the eye of the auctioneer, and of other people. He gave £6550 for the Love Letters.



GIVING A BALL THIS SEASON:
MRS. WILLIAM FORBES.

Mrs. Forbes, of 20, Queen's Gate, is the wife of Lieutenant William Forbes, R.N.

Photograph by Sarony.

to the point of exhaustion. The King and Queen, on their own particular afternoon, had the invariably disappointing experience of renewing acquaintance with a picture seen previously in a more becoming environment. Most artists hold that about fifty per cent. of the desired effect evaporates when a picture takes its place on the walls of the Academy. In the studio, or at Buckingham Palace, compliments are made that cannot possibly be renewed at the R.A.

Cheape, Freake and Co.

The King's farewells to the English polo team were cordial in the extreme. The game is one that his Majesty, who believes that sport, like everything else, is the better for criticism and selection, approves. There are certain recreations, he holds, which are a waste of time, or too mean for the Services. All the four polo-players who visited Buckingham Palace last week are Army men, and have made their names—in a game! But his Majesty could not have been more courteous to any quartet of grave generals. Captain Cheape and his friends went their way rejoicing. Mr. Freake and Lord Wodehouse go to America as reserves.

The Young Rascal. Aldershot offers its royal visitors nothing in the way of scenery. To the keen military man the sight of tents is said to be as refreshing as snow-peaks, and even to the lay mind there is something exciting about a large spread of canvas; but, taken as a whole, the locality and its "penny fights" are dreary. Queen Victoria, even if she sometimes slumbered during a march-past, had a much greater zest for Aldershot than had Edward VII. There is a story, by the way, that connects the late King, when a boy, with the encampment. Making an early round on his own



THE CHILDREN OF THE EARL OF COTTENHAM: VISCOUNT CROWHURST, THE HON. MARK PEPYS, AND THE HON. JOHN PEPYS.

The Earl of Cottenham, whose wife—Lady Rose, daughter of the first Marquess of Abergavenny—died so tragically the other day as the result of a gun accident, has three sons—Viscount Crowhurst, born in May 1901; the Hon. Mark Everard Pepys, born in 1903; and the Hon. John Digby Thomas Pepys, born in 1907.—[Photograph by Bastano.]



VISITORS TO THIS COUNTRY: PRINCE SIGVARD, PRINCESS INGRID, AND PRINCE GUSTAF ADOLF, CHILDREN OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden have four children—Prince Gustaf Adolf, Duke of Vesterbotten, born in April 1906; Prince Sigvard, Duke of Uppland, born in June 1907; Princess Ingrid, born in March 1910; and Prince Bertil, born in February 1912. The Crown Prince and Princess arrived in this country, with their children, the other day, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, father and mother of the Crown Princess.—[Photograph by E.N.A.]

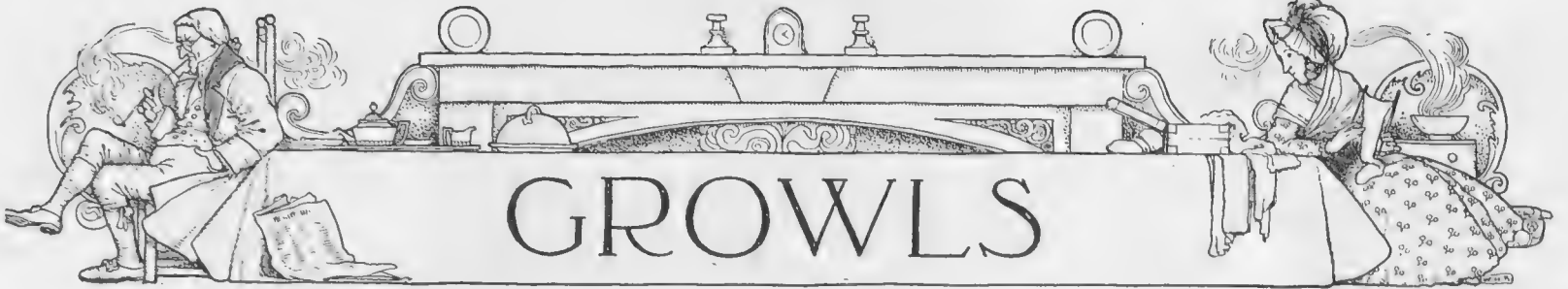
NOT ENGAGED, AFTER ALL: A FAIR INDIAN ROYALTY.



SOUGHT IN MARRIAGE BY PRINCE JITENDRA, BROTHER OF THE MAHARAJAH OF COOCH BEHAR:
PRINCESS INDIRA, DAUGHTER OF THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA.

It was announced the other day that the projected marriage between Princess Indira, daughter of the Gaekwar of Baroda, and Prince Jitendra, brother of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, had been broken off. Later, it was stated that the facts were that the Prince had made a formal proposal for the hand of the Princess, but that the Gaekwar and the Maharanee would not give their consent to a betrothal. The Prince, hoping to induce the lady's parents to relent, caused preparations for the marriage to continue.

It is now asserted that the Gaekwar is not likely to change his mind.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



THE FUNNIMENTS OF FINANCE—THE DIFFICULTY OF KEEPING PACE WITH IT.

IT is a matter of pardonable pride with most of us that there is quite a wealth of matters outside our own particular avocation upon which we have accumulated a smattering of something almost approaching to knowledge. Sometimes we adopt a subject as a hobby, and then our familiarity with its details becomes positively devilish; but as a rule we content ourselves with the acquisition of such a modicum of erudition as will enable us to take part in a conversation arising upon the matter without getting our foot unduly implicated. I myself am glad of any opportunity of showing that I can tell a cuckoo from a cassowary, and a Hobbema from a Herkomer; and there are divers other snacks of knowledge picked up in the course of my earthly pilgrimage which I like to feel I have lying in my mental storehouse. There is, however, one branch of life which has with hideous completeness succeeded in eluding me, and which, in spite of all my efforts, continues to leave me in a condition of blind ignorance; and that is Finance. The more I attempt to unravel its mysteries the blacker is the darkness in which I am plunged. I may, perhaps, be told that this is exactly what I deserve for venturing into a realm with which I have no conceivable concern. I may be brusquely informed that he who has no money to invest or to flutter with has no earthly right to expect that he can fathom the intricacies of the markets of the world, and I feel that up to a point the reproof is justified. But, at the same time, it is not absolutely impossible that I may one of these days blossom forth as a capitalist. I may be fortunate enough to pilot the right old gentleman through the perils of Metropolitan traffic, and in reward inherit a princely fortune; or I may seize the psychological moment to raise the carriage-window for the elderly dame who will indicate her appreciation of my solicitude by making her will in my favour, to the exclusion of her relations by blood and marriage. I am credibly informed that such things have happened in the past, and I do not wholly despair of history repeating itself in my case.

The Great Mystery.

And in the event of so highly desirable a happening, how parlous will be my state! Entirely un-

and remote State bearing the lugubrious name Montenegro had in a spasm of temerity made up its mind to do the very thing it had been expressly and peremptorily forbidden to do; and a well-informed Press promptly advised the world that the powerful empire of Austria-Hungary had decided to apply chastisement to the diminutive delinquent; and what was the instantaneous effect? A fall of several points in the stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway! Now this is precisely the

last thing I should ever have foreseen, and I think I am fully entitled to complain that it is carrying the unexpected too far, and taking a mean advantage of anyone who has not scaled the summits of high-finance. Suppose that, at the approach of the crisis to which I have alluded, I had become possessed of capital which I was wishful to invest. With untutored caution I should have looked around, and have told myself, in my guilelessness, that there were indications of trouble and upheaval in the East, and that I should therefore be a wise man to make my investment as far West as I could possibly manage. For a moment I should have been lured into the Fool's Paradise created by the conviction of my own shrewdness, and should have been suddenly awakened to a full consciousness of its grim and ghastly truth.

A Legitimate Grievance.

Surely I shall not be charged with hypercritical tendencies if I insist that there is something wrong here; or have it hurled at my head that I am whining over a condition of things that is satisfactory in its working and flawless in its

logicality. I have asked for an explanation of these monstrous goings-on from those who presumably are in a position to elucidate, and I am airily told that Berlin always sells Can. Pac.'s when she is perturbed, and I find the answer unsatisfying. If this be really the



THE NEWER SCULPTURE: "THE CRY OF POVERTY"—BY DAVID EDSTRÖM

We give on this page three of the very interesting sculptures, by David Edström, which are on exhibition at the Patterson Gallery, in Old Bond Street. Writing of the sculptor in the catalogue, Mr. Axel L. Romdahl says: "For a time the quiet, calm sensibility for form was thrown aside for an intensive, impressionistic display of expression. . . . But with years the simplification becomes a large-scaled breadth, a quiet collecting of broad surfaces and firm outlines, and the pointedly bold characteristic becomes tender intensity. Both sense of style and deepened observation bring Edström's artistic ideal nearer and nearer to what is and will be the Alpha and Omega of sculpture, the antique. Occasionally one might take one of Edström's heads for some unearthed antique fragment, not because of any, even if unconscious, imitation in the form, but because of some affinity of feeling. It is especially these pieces of work that give us the promise of a monumental sculptor of the highest rank."

By Courtesy of the Patterson Gallery.



"THE DEMON OF FEAR": BY DAVID EDSTRÖM.

By Courtesy of the Patterson Gallery.

versed in the mysteries of money, I shall go floundering back into the morasses of impecuniosity—a mere shuttlecock for the knowing ones to play with, and the laughing-stock of an unsympathetic acquaintance. Only the other day it was depressingly borne in upon me how dire and abysmal is my ignorance of the whole matter. An exiguous



"THE DEMON OF ENVY": BY DAVID EDSTRÖM.

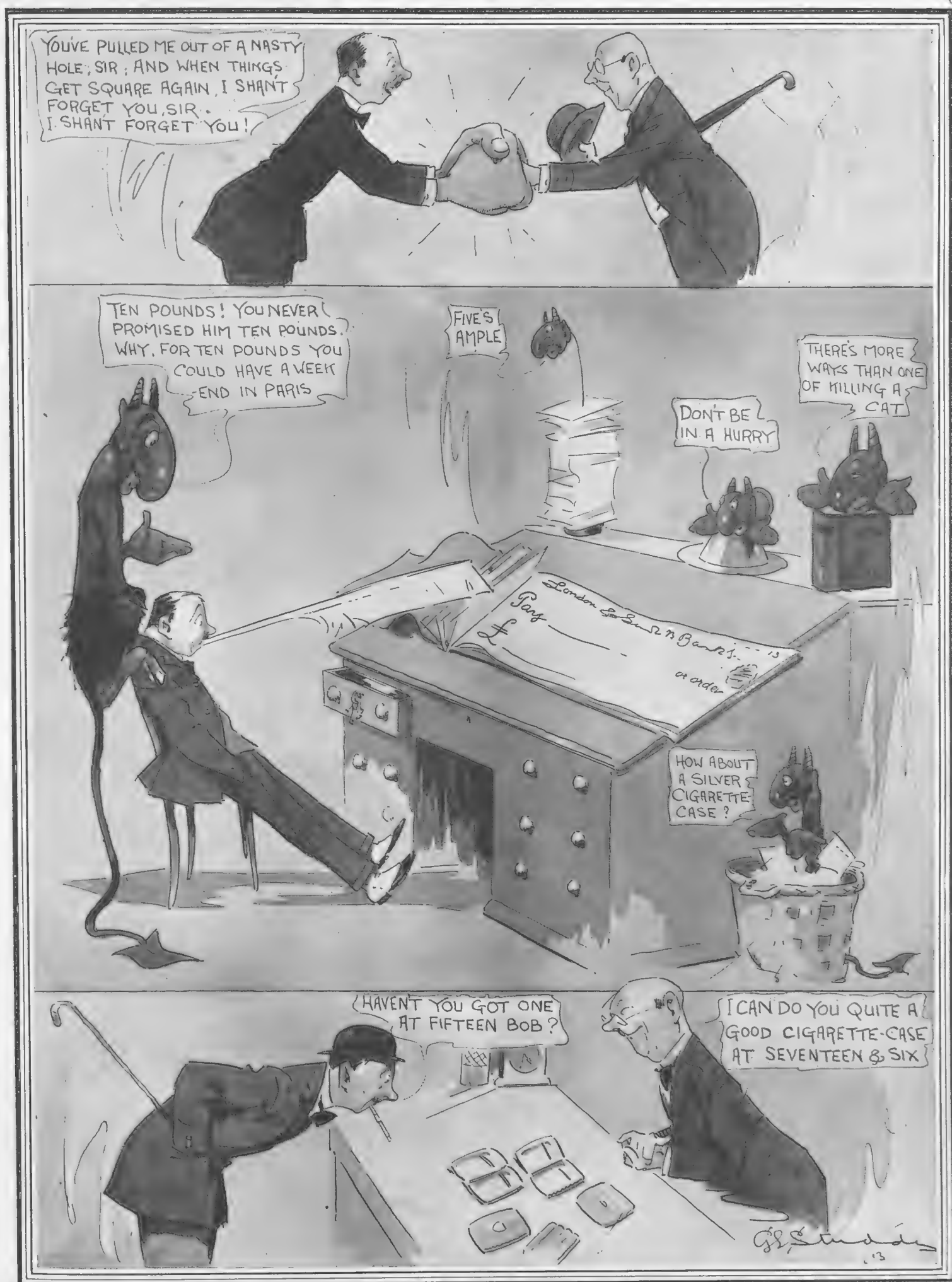
By Courtesy of the Patterson Gallery.

when my hour of affluence arrives I shall make a stern resolve to have nothing whatever to do with them. I shall let the money markets of the world go their own way and I shall go mine, satisfied to let my fortune lie in repose in the comparative security of the traditional old stocking.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!

FOR SALE



XIII.—THE MAN WITH THE CIGARETTE-CASE CONSCIENCE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



VERY CROSS EXAMINATION; OR, THE UNGALLANT JUDGE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

NEWSPAPERS are very bad for me. I fear and despise them. They are the brain forcible-feeding machine. They are for the mentally lazy, the passive learner, for those whose minds are too lethargic to study humanity through their own observation and understanding. A newspaper gives you news; it does not give you knowledge. Newspapers, like history, are false because they

are facts, and there is nothing more disconcerting and misleading than a fact. I dislike newspapers because they lack the logic and lucidity of a fairy-tale or of a ballad. A Press paragraph lies in the same way as a photograph lies—by giving too much importance to an infinitesimal portion of an aspect of the subject. A newspaper lets us judge people by their deeds—which is the easiest and the least just way of judging. Fairy-tales had an absolute and delightful way of labelling their heroes or heroines. The ugly sisters were most certainly wicked as well. There were bad and good fairies, and one could tell at a glance which was which. Our soul in reading was never troubled nor hesitating. There is nothing like a fairy-tale to teach life as it should be. I do not like newspapers because they are chiefly a collection of sordid and violent things, not of fine, subtle, or calm ones. I dislike newspapers as I dislike street-organs and patchwork quilts, because they are discordant, loud, and heterogeneous. I seldom read a news-



SHOWING THE PRESENT STATE OF THE NECK-RUFF, WHICH MAY YET BECOME QUITE ELIZABETHAN: A SNAPSHOT AT LONGCHAMP. Here we have a foreshadowing of the Elizabethan neck-ruff, which, it is said, is about to become fashionable, and will consist of row upon row of white frills spotted with "points" of chenille. The ruffs, it is claimed, will have the stiffness of Tudor days and yet be comfortable.—[Photograph by Excelsior Illustrations.]

paper, and I never read news. I imbibe news as one imbibes the changes in the seasons without having to look at the calendar. Methinks it is a great advantage to a woman to have many things to learn; it makes the conversation more facile and interesting for her interlocutor. Ignorance is a subtle form of flattery. On the other hand, ignorance of the little futile happenings that go to form a newspaper column reserves for one many a startling surprise. Yesterday I paid a call to the bluebells in Kew Gardens, and, raptures having made me thirsty, I went and hunted for the pavilion where, as late as last spring, tea used to be served. No pavilion; in its stead a huge, flapping tent, like the sail of a ship. "Didn't you know?" someone explained. "Why, the pavilion was burned down by the Suffragettes!" Fancy burning an inoffensive and unpretentious tea-house, and leaving the Pagoda standing! Still, I'd rather put up with those occasional shocks than peruse the papers daily.

Germaine, on the contrary, is great on *faits-divers*; it is a fact that the younger you are the morbidly you are. "The muffle!" (which is not French, but *argot* for "cad") she shrieked this morning at the breakfast-table, biting viciously at some innocent toast. "I expect and hope the women of New York will lynch him!"

"Another negro assault?" I inquired.

"A negro, no; a much blacker affair," says Germanine. "There is always a flattering aspect to an assault—it is a brutal homage—but there is nothing to palliate the cruel impertinence of that man!"

"What man?"

"Judge Gavegan. Listen, Martouche—does it not make your blood boil?—listen to what he said to a lady defendant in his Court. She, it seems, was wearing a short walking-skirt and fine silk stockings. She had crossed her knees to listen better. All of us women do that (I don't mean listening); but if we were free citizenesses of America, this is what we might have shouted at us—

"I want to say to that young lady in black," thundered Judge Gavegan, "that she is disrespectful to this Court and that she is making an improper exposure of herself in a public place. If she wishes me to be more explicit, I will say, for her benefit, that her lower limbs are insufficiently clad; she is making far too free an exhibition of them, and in a public place, too."

When Germaine had finished reading my blood did boil so that I could have cooked an egg in each of my closed palms.

"Well, what do you say to this?" cried she.

"That judge should be bow-legged, and should have plain daughters and a plainer wife, and have been crossed in love. No man unless gnawed by a deep hatred of woman would thus abuse his official authority to humiliate her wantonly and publicly. May he be condemned to spend the rest of his unnatural life with a thick-ankled, thick-stockinged, dowdily skirted, stiff-jointed, and sharp-tongued female! May he be made to blush and to weep before his fellow-beings! May he continue being confused in his notions of right and wrong until such a man in such an office will appear as a bad joke and as a disrespect to justice! A man incapable of appreciating an elegant ankle cannot be trusted to meddle in nice affairs such as the law. May he be for ever blindfolded as Justice itself! I tell you, Germaine, we civilised people badly want the visit of a healthy, clear-sighted, and candid savage, such as Chateaubriand's, to show us the silliness of our little decencies and to laugh aloud at our puny pudors. Some splendid savage who would dare to say to Mr. Gavegan the most unduly prudish, 'Why is it proper to exhibit one's arms and not one's legs, why one's hands and not one's feet? (Feet are so much more pure!) Why do European and American women consider proper to uncover the upper part of their breasts, and not from shoulder to waist, as Eastern women do? Why is a waltz allowed, and not a kiss? And why, why, why, if woman is to be ashamed of what she is, if she must assume and pretend and hide, then let prudery be logical—a veil over her most potent witchery, the most human parts of her: a veil over her eyes, a veil over her mouth!"



A STUDY IN SASHES AND BACK-DECORATION: A SNAPSHOT AT LONGCHAMP.

Particular attention may be drawn to the embroidered sash, which has Chinese designs.—[Photograph by Cosmopolis.]

NOT A PILLAR OF THE CHURCH.



THE FIRST COUNTRYMAN (*seeing a pillar-box for the first time*): What's that for, Tom?

THE SECOND COUNTRYMAN: I dunno; looks like a religious sort o' thing. P'raps as it's painted red, it belongs to th' Salvation Army.

THE FIRST COUNTRYMAN: No; it can't belong to no religious folk: it says, "No collection on Sundays."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



WORLD-WANDERING: THE PROGRESS OF A TENDERFOOT.*

The Prairie Ablaze.

That is well. Too much varnish is not worth holding in cloth. Further, Mr. Stock has a most happy turn of phrase, a clear-cut method of description—and humour. All of which is to say that his book is welcome and will be read. Let us extract from it sufficient to show scope and manner. First, a note about a prairie fire in Canada: "The fire spread like spilt quicksilver. . . . It was now ten miles long, and had left ten miles of burnt and blackened prairie in its wake. . . . All that night we fought the flames. . . . If the wind did not change, an adjacent stockman's ranch would be the next thing to be destroyed. Of course, it would be protected with a fire-guard of, perhaps, seven furrows; but what is that to a fire that will sometimes leap a well-worn trail twelve feet wide? . . . Sometimes a fire will travel fifty miles an hour, and no other alternative is left to a person on foot than to jump the fire-line—the area that is actually burning—a distance of several feet, and land on the charred grass beyond. He is then obliged to do a little more jumping until the ground grows cool enough for him to stand still on."

The Danger of Loneliness.

Such trouble was as nothing compared with others, notably with the winter conditions in that abnormal year—and loneliness. Mr. Stock went sheep-herding by himself. For the first week he called his solitary existence "absolute peace." "The second week," he writes, "was precisely like the first, except that when meal-times came round I asked myself what was the use of lighting the fire, and answered the question by sitting down to sour dough, treacle, and water. It saved trouble, and would keep me alive equally well without the mutton and tea. The third week was marked by my ceasing to clean my teeth. . . . Just about this time I also forgot to brush my hair, and even on occasions to wash. . . . At the end of a month I received the first intimation that I was acquiring new habits, for one evening I suddenly realised that I was talking to myself in quite a loud voice. . . . I laughed . . . and it sounded strange to my own ears. . . . Twice after that I caught myself



EUROPEAN COMFORT IN FIJI: A PLANTER'S BEDROOM.

his ride west, and found another traveller already there. When the zinc lid was on, the affair was air-tight; and when the train came to a standstill, the "passengers" could not get out. The brakeman was a sportsman. Chuckling, he released the captives. "I was about to thrust my head out," writes Mr. Stock, "when the 'hobo' pushed me aside and whispered hurriedly: 'Let me work this.' 'Kind o' cold to-night,' he remarked jovially to the brakeman. As the perspiration was standing on my forehead in beads, I could hardly see the force of this remark. 'Yes, but what—' began the brakeman. 'Have a drink,' said the 'hobo,' and he held out the bottle we had shared on the previous day. 'Thanks, but why—' The rest of the sentence was stopped by the neck of the bottle, and

the outflow of its contents. He was ours! He had, as it were, tasted of our salt. As for me, I retired into the darkness once more, and, divesting myself of a boot and sock, extracted my last-remaining dollar bill. Then, climbing back to the roof again, I presented the money to the brakeman. He looked at it for a moment, and then at me. 'What's this for?' he asked. 'Er—er—for you,' I stammered. 'Thanks,' he said. 'I've done some beatin' myself in my time,' and passed it back.

Fiji experiences were of a different nature. There Mr. Stock saw, for example, some remarkable shark-catching. The natives worked from an outrigger canoe. "We looked down through the clear water to see a dark object, which we knew to be a shark's tail, protruding from the reef. A native quickly caught up a rope, noosed at one end, and slid silently into the water. . . . Reaching the tail, he stopped, and holding on to the reef with the hand that carried the rope, cautiously extended the other under the shark's body. He was tickling it for all the world as one tickles trout. . . . The slightest bungle and the shark would have turned. . . . One dark arm was still extended while the other with the rope crept slowly towards the creature's tail. A quick movement and the noose was about it, and the natives in the canoe pulling on the end and shouting wildly, while their companion shot to the surface and scrambled aboard. Then they pulled, slackened and pulled again, playing with the shark as though it were some gigantic salmon,



SEEN IN FIJI BY THE TENDERFOOT: A LAND CRAB (EDIBLE).

laughing with no apparent cause. . . . Something had to be done or I should go mad; at last I had convinced myself of that." He gave up the job.

Travelling by Refrigerator.

His journey to Moosejaw was free, but uneasy. He saw three long iron pipes, about two feet in diameter, at one end of a truck of a freight-train. A stowaway was in one; with his clothes in the second, and his food in the third, Mr. Stock hid himself in a refrigerator for



COOKERY IN FIJI: ROASTING A PIG ON HEATED STONES.

until the black tail appeared above the water and a dozen knives were at work."

Sitting on the Prize.

A joy from Queensland—and a final recommendation to read the book. "During the weeks that followed I saw something of the social life of the neighbourhood. . . . The gem of the proceedings . . . was when the Governor of Queensland opened the local agricultural show, and the winner in the pineapple section drove home in evening-dress and brilliant sunlight, seated on the first prize, a sack of artificial manure!" Certainly, read!

* "Confessions of a Tenderfoot: Being a True and Unvarnished Account of his World-Wanderings." By Ralph Stock. Illustrated. (Grant Richards; 10s. 6d. net.)

AND THE ARTISTS ECHO, "WHY NOT?"



DETECTION AND DESTRUCTION OF AN ART CRITIC BY ONE OF HIS VICTIMS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



THE PEONY OF PAO-YU: A CHINESE STORY.

By F. HADLAND DAVIS.

I.

SAN-LANG was slowly walking home reading a book with so much diligence that he not infrequently collided with a sedan-chair or with a pedestrian in the street. On such occasions, without the least discomposure, he would smile apologies, blink a moment at the sun, and then continue his study.

Suddenly San-Lang came to a standstill, dropped the book into a capacious sleeve, and listened astonished as he was greeted with a merry peal of laughter. He was still more amazed when a soft little ball, covered with silk, struck him gently on the cheek.

Now San-Lang, though a scholar of considerable repute, knew very well what that little ball signified. He was aware that it had been thrown by a lady who regarded someone with favour, and not only with favour, but with a touch of romance as well.

San-Lang picked up the ball, admiring the design that had been worked upon it. As he did so, he shook his head gravely. "There must be some mistake," he said solemnly. "If I thought for a moment that this ball was intended for me, I should have the painful and undignified necessity of taking to my heels!"

The merry laughter sounded again, and when the scholar had looked at a white cloud, at the mountains, and into one of his big sleeves, he chanced to see a young lady standing in a garden, radiant and sweet-scented with many peonies.

"Must I do all the laughing," she said coyly, "while you do nothing but shake your head and talk of mistakes?"

San-Lang gave a profound bow, partly because courtesy required it, and partly because an obeisance served to conceal his confusion. "I still think the little ball was not intended for me," he said simply, "and yet I am honoured by the mistake."

"But, Sir Wisdom, since you will drag a confession from me, the ball was intended for you. I have practised throwing it in the garden, and—ah me!—how often I failed to hit the big nodding faces of the peonies. Your face is somewhat larger than a peony-bloom, and so I had the good fortune to hit it! Now, Sir, have I not the pleasure of seeing a scholar run down a dusty street on a very hot afternoon?"

San-Lang smiled. "Even now," he said, "though I have for long treasured the wisdom of the ancients, I do not quite understand."

"Do you think," replied the girl, "that all your learning can compare with the meaning of that little ball? Go your way, good Sir, but have a care lest walking and reading in a busy street should lead to calamity. Oh, I have watched you for many a summer day pass this garden with your nose glued to a book, murmuring learned annotations and flicking away a butterfly as if it were a devil! Mark my words, great scholar, a time will come when a maid will warm your heart as a bird warms an egg in its nest. San-Lang is your name, and I am called Pao-Yu ('Precious Jade'). Now get you home, and write a treatise on the impudence of women who throw balls and who are foolishly, almost hopelessly, romantic!"

San-Lang, being at a loss to know what to say, gave another profound bow, and took his departure. He still walked leisurely, but made no attempt to read. He held the silk ball tightly in his hand, peeping at it now and again as if he were looking at a treasure not meet for the gaze of other people.

When he got home he prepared tea. He sipped the amber-coloured beverage dreamily as he looked out into the garden, and watched a flock of herons flying high over a company of gnarled pine-trees till the birds were lost in the deep violet of the sky. San-Lang was aware that he, too, had peonies in his garden, and he thought that their perfume was the most exquisite perfume in the world. He became suddenly alive to the beauty of his surroundings, and for the first time in his life he allowed his imagination free play. He was not really drinking a particularly choice tea, and yet in that magical hour he thought it had come from the Hills of Emitted Spring and the Valley of Drooping Fragrance. When, later on, almost ecstatic in his reverie, San-Lang partook of wine, he called it "Ten Thousand Beauties in One Cup."

A youth came into the room, and coughed discreetly.

"Well?" said San-Lang, without looking up.

"I have come for my lesson, master."

"There will be no lesson this evening," replied San-Lang gravely.

"But, master, the examination——"

"There will be no lesson this evening," repeated San-Lang. "Please do not speak, but kindly remove your presence as speedily as possible."

The puzzled youth hastily retreated, and San-Lang went on dreaming.

Presently the moonlight crept into the garden and silvered the once red peonies.

"I see her," murmured San-Lang, "as she stood in the garden. She wore a tight-sleeved jacket, bright as the dawn, and covered with butterflies and flowers embroidered in gold. Then there was her silk pelisse, lined with slate-blue ermine, while her lower garments were as the colour of a kingfisher. Her eyebrows curved upwards like willow-leaves. Her slender waist resembled dancing snow wafted by a gust of wind."

San-Lang, having uttered this eulogy, took out the silk ball and gazed at it for a long time. Then he rose to his feet and said: "San-Lang, you have been love's fool for a night. To-morrow you will be honourably pleased to forget your foolishness. Even now you will have the goodness to bid farewell to Pao-Yu, and, when the sun rises, see that your well-shaped nose is in close proximity to a learned and salutary book."

II.

When San-Lang awoke the next morning he set about his business with renewed zest. He went to the youth who had missed his lesson the previous night, and the scholar's lengthy discourse was a strange mingling of suavity, erudition, wit, and temper. For the time being, San-Lang had set his love aside, and, with a fierceness that surprised his pupil, he quoted the following from one of the Odes of Confucius: "A clever man builds a city. A clever woman lays one low. With all her qualifications, that clever woman is but an ill-omened bird." There was no gainsaying San-Lang, much less Confucius, so the youth went away, assured that the ancients and their exponents must have been very unfortunate in their love-affairs.

Though San-Lang worked with great diligence, there were times when the little silk ball whispered romantic messages to him, when the dainty figure of Pao-Yu seemed to beckon with almost irresistible abandon. He sedulously avoided passing by her garden. He prayed, he wrote, he studied, he recited long passages of dry-as-dust wisdom, but for all the battlements he set about him, he felt that they were pulled down over and over again by the white hands of "Precious Jade." Her hands, her smile, her laughter, made for his defeat.

At length San-Lang, having grown thin and absent-minded in his vain attempt to still the voice of love, decided to take up his abode in a mountain temple. Flight not only seemed inevitable, but his only chance of escaping from the persistent call of Pao-Yu.

A month later San-Lang climbed a certain mountain, followed by perspiring attendants carrying a library of books.

Kuo, the priest of the White Deer temple, greeted San-Lang with approval. Kuo served the gods only that he might the better serve himself. He could pull a long face over the sorrow of others, but its length and awful solemnity entirely depended upon the fees that fell into his claw-like hand.

"You wish to stay here?" inquired Kuo.

"Yes," replied San-Lang, eyeing the priest sharply. "It is a filthy temple, where the gods are sadly in need of fresh garments, but 'twill serve."

"Ay, 'twill serve," murmured the priest. "The air is pure, the view incomparable, and, for a scholar of the fame of San-Lang, the peace of these surroundings is all that could be desired."

"You have a voluble tongue, Kuo, and if I mistake not you are a thoroughgoing humbug. I see that you do not rely on the efficacy of one god, but have a collection of them under this roof."

"The gods are so perverse," whined Kuo. "To-day, Buddha is asleep and Kwanjin benevolent. To-morrow the Goddess of Mercy snores while the Blessed One smiles, and so, my dear Sir, one

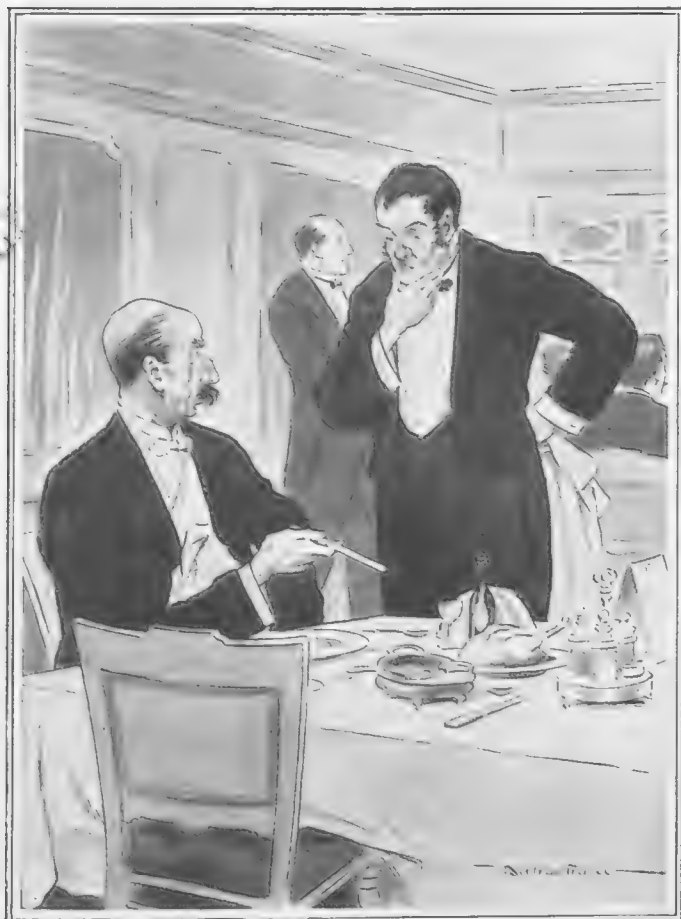
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A "SKETCH" TRIO.



ENVY: And she can eat anything she wants to!

DRAWN BY ABEL FAIVRE.

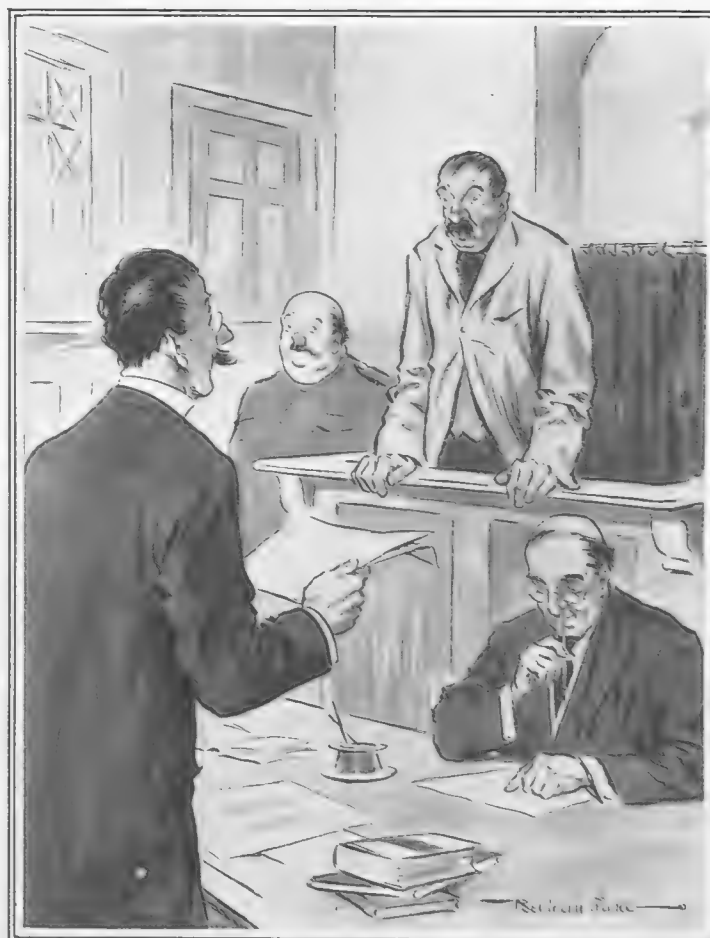


THE GUEST: I say, Walter; I believe it's bad form to speak disrespectfully of one's elders.

THE WAITER: So I 'ave 'eard said, Sir.

THE GUEST: Then I will be silent about this chicken.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



COUNSEL: Well, after the witness gave you a blow, what happened?

THE PRISONER: He gave me a third one.

COUNSEL: You mean a second one.

THE PRISONER: No, I landed *him* the second one.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.

must pander to their weaknesses, or my troubled and most credulous pilgrims would suffer in consequence."

"I come here to study and to forget the ways of the world," said San-Lang.

"So?" replied Kuo. "I have a fancy that you would fain make your books a heavy tombstone to bury a maid. In other words, it is evident that you have fallen in love, and have climbed to the top of this mountain in order to jump out of it. Now there is nothing so efficacious for the sorrows of this world as the precious gift of the poppy. It brings a dream three parts hell and one part heaven, but it is such a delectable heaven that I willingly go through all horror to attain it."

"That is not my way," said San-Lang coolly. "That is the way of vice-goaded fools."

"As you please," murmured the priest. "For myself, I know not love. Give me the fruit of poppies and I am well content. As for woman, she pays the gods well. She is always wanting something, and never knows precisely what. The gods love her pretty indecision."

Kuo, resembling a skeleton in a dirty robe, drew closer. His mouth expanded into a sly smile as if a dry seed-pod had been suddenly split open by the warm sunshine. "A little money in advance," he whispered, thrusting out his hand. "Alas, that so few *cash* should be associated with good works! On the day of the full moon and on the day of the new moon I do pretty good business, but I needs must live on more than two days in a month."

San-Lang gave the priest money. "Go," said he, "rest your tongue that has been oiled too freely with foolishness, and in future let it wag less frequently in my company."

Kuo shuffled away with an obsequious bow and joined his attendant in another room.

San-Lang went to the shrine of Kwanjin and prostrated himself. In the mellow light he saw her faded garments. He saw, too, the beauty of her face gleaming through the dust of ages, and the infinite charity of her many extended arms. She who had loved gave love's forgetfulness and love's peace. While she bestowed her ineffable balm, Kuo and his assistant sat in the outer court. They were not looking at the rice-fields in the valley, or at the far-away blue sea studded with jewels, or at the mountains that rose peak above peak before them. They were dreaming the dream of poppies, the dream that is three parts hell and one part heaven.

One day, while San-Lang was studying in a grotto, he observed a hunting party in the distance, but not so far away as to prevent him from seeing that Pao-Yu was of that swift-moving company. Suddenly he saw the girl's mount stumble, regain its footing for a moment, and then charge into a great boulder and roll over with its fair rider crushed beneath. A sharp cry from the rest of the party rang through the air, as one by one they raced to the scene of the catastrophe. Presently Pao-Yu's limp little body was carried gently away.

"There's been an accident," said Kuo, creeping to the mouth of the grotto and pulling only a moderately long face. "A young lady has been killed. She has, in giving chase to an animal, opposed the teaching of the Lord Buddha, but it is a great pity that a beautiful woman should die for such a trifling sin."

San-Lang did not speak.

"There's been an accident," repeated Kuo, this time with a smile.

Still San-Lang remained silent.

"As you will," continued the priest suavely, as he retired from the cave.

Now it so happened, much to Kuo's delight, that arrangements were made to bury Pao-Yu in the White Deer temple.

San-Lang, with a full heart, watched the funeral procession slowly winding up the mountain path. He saw the red pall on Pao-Yu's coffin, red like the peonies that had bloomed in her garden in the summer-time.

Kuo, during the ceremony, adjusted his face to its final degree of assumed sorrow. Now his voice roared so that the deafest gods might hear him, and now it whined with mock gentleness and with much assumption of holiness.

When the wailing, white-robed procession had gone away, Kuo and his assistant were about to carry the earthly remains of Pao-Yu to a little cave, when San-Lang came forward.

"Place not your crow-hands there!" he hissed fiercely.

Kuo stared stupidly. "I am the priest of this temple. I must perform my duties, and all the more readily seeing that I have been well paid for my services."

"Get you gone, you gibbering poppy-heads! Here's money for you. -Go!"

When San-Lang was alone he stooped down, raised the coffin gently, and carried it to a little cave. Love had come to his heart again, and tears fell upon the pall that was red like peonies.

Every day, and many times a day, San-Lang went to the cave to pray for Pao-Yu, and his prayers were a long and tender confession of his love. One night the spirit of Pao-Yu stood beside San-Lang.

"My dear lover," she sobbed pitifully, "I am not happy. Yam-Lo, the Lord of the Land of Shadows where I dwell, is angry with me because in my earthly existence I loved the chase. San-Lang,

the big-hearted, the wise, the true, pray to Kwanjin that my sorrow may be lightened, and that I may find favour with the now wrathful Yam-Lo."

With a sweet smile the soul of Pao-Yu suddenly vanished, and San-Lang went to Kwanjin's shrine and there implored that the Goddess of Mercy would soften the heart of Yam-Lo toward Precious Jade.

Many nights later, Pao-Yu again came to her lover. "Oh, San-Lang," she said, "Kwanjin has answered your supplications, and Yam-Lo has shown mercy towards me. I am about to be reborn into the world again. Write down the street and the house and the town where I shall live, and write, too, the name of my future parents. Oh, modest and shy San-Lang, you have taken me to your heart at last! Come to me when I am eighteen years old . . . and . . . never go away again!"

San-Lang eagerly wrote down the particulars Pao-Yu gave him. Then he said gently, "Dear love of mine, how shall I recognise you?"

"My future parents will still call me Pao-Yu. Listen. On that summer day of your coming I shall wear a red peony-bud in my hair, and you will bring the little silk ball."

"You will love me then, Pao-Yu?" faltered San-Lang. "Do not forget that I shall be nearly fifty years old when I meet you again, while you will be but a maid. Have you thought of that?"

"I have thought of that," replied Pao-Yu. "You will never seem old to me. . . . Yam-Lo calls. Farewell."

III.

Nearly eighteen years passed by, and San-Lang set out on a long journey. He had only one sorrow on that bright day—the consciousness of his advancing age. His back was bent, he had lost his good looks, and his step faltered a little; but the same love burned in his heart. He never for a moment doubted that he would meet Pao-Yu again, and so he pressed forward and travelled from town to town, footsore and weary, but full of a great hope.

One night Kwanjin came to San-Lang and said: "Oh, faithful of heart, whose prayers are sweeter than pear-blossom, know that my arms stretch to the far confines of the world, full of succour and mercy! Of a truth, youth should mate with youth and not with old age. I will renew your youth. Go bathe in yonder pool, and its waters shall be like the celestial Fountain of Youth."

When San-Lang had offered up his thanks, he hastened to bathe in the pool, and lo! even as Kwanjin had said, he became young again.

At last San-Lang came to the house where Pao-Yu lived. An angry servant greeted him.

"Go away," said the servant fiercely. "The Lady Pao-Yu is ill. She is in a decline, and frets over her future marriage with a rich man of this town."

San-Lang winced. "Say," said he, "that the scholar San-Lang waits without and seeks an audience."

"We know your name," replied the servant drily, "and my master has given me orders on no account to admit you. My master, Sir, is not to be trifled with."

"Neither am I," said San-Lang. "Go, tell your master or mistress that one would fain see the Lady Pao-Yu—one who alone can make her well again."

The servant, grumbling profusely, retired, and appeared a few minutes later. "You may enter," he said, with a smile, pocketing the coins that were handed to him.

"My daughter," said the mistress of the house, addressing San-Lang, "is on the point of death. She has opposed our wishes for her marriage, and has repeatedly told us that she has given her heart to one called San-Lang, and that he would come to claim her love. You are called San-Lang, but the San-Lang of her story was old and not young."

"Do you value your daughter's life and happiness?" said San-Lang.

"With all my heart, and yet . . ."

"I am the San-Lang Pao-Yu waits for! Give me leave to see her and you will find that what I say is true, and you will also discover that the love I bring will be a medicine for her dear heart which no physician could concoct."

The mistress of the house faltered. "Hark!" she exclaimed. "Pao-Yu calls. Your name is on her lips. Follow me."

San-Lang entered a darkened room, and saw Pao-Yu.

"Peace, mother, peace!" she said softly. "He comes! He comes! Over the mountains, in and out the valleys, along the highways and byways he has journeyed ever toward me. I knew he would come. . . . San-Lang, how is it that you are like you were eighteen years ago?"

San-Lang explained.

Pao-Yu sat up. Her merry laughter rang through the room. "The silk ball," she said; "have you brought it with you?"

Her lover nodded.

"Give it to me."

The scholar handed her the ball with a smile. She held it a moment, and then gently threw it at San-Lang's cheek, while the red peony-bud quivered in her dark hair.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

A SERMON IN STONES: "AND, BEING DONE, THUS WALL AWAY DOTTH GO."

Stone Walls on Golf Courses.

The text this week is this passage: "Stone walls do not a golf-links make, nor iron gates a hole." Firstly, then, in the merely and strictly literal sense, it is no doubt true that neither links nor hole is made of these simple materials; but in so far as there is an

innuendo that neither adjunct is a serious influence upon the architecture of a course and the play that takes place upon it, a mistake is made, and a grievous one. Cross bunkers are sometimes generous to topped drives and other varieties of spoiled shots, but a stone wall is cold, unforgiving, as hard of heart as a heart made of its own very stone. I never see a stone wall on a golf-course but I think of guillotines, inquisitions, the cat-o'-nine-tails, boiling oil, the dentist's chair, and other instruments of torture; and you can never feel indifferently indulgent towards a stone wall, as you can to even a really horrid bunker like Cardinal at Prestwick, because it is always showing its teeth at you, always snarling, threatening, always giving you a nasty, creepy feeling. I can answer for it that, in the expression of these sentiments, I am stirring up corresponding memories in the mind of nearly every reader. As it happens, there are not many stone walls on golf-courses in these days, and the number is becoming fewer constantly. And I thank goodness—yes, I do thank it!—that they had stone walls on their golf-courses in Scotland before we had in England, or whatever would they have said in scorn of us had we been the first?

Balbus, Peking, and Prestwick.

Secondly, I suppose that the first stone wall of much general

beings with sense, and not sheep, can get through them. Everybody who has golfed in Scotland knows that wall on the old course at North Berwick. The others have made much history, but it is the wall that cuts across Prestwick—or once did—that is the thing, and this is where we come to the thirdly of our sermon. Undoubtedly it is the greatest wall of all; it ranks among golf walls as the Great Wall of Peking does among walls in general. It influences players and spectators alike, for well do we remember how at championship times, when we have been hurrying after the greatest players and have not had time to wait for our turn to get through the gates, we all of us have jumped upon and over that wall just as if we were fresh home from school again (and never mind if we have thought we felt something creak inside us at the time).

Alas, Poor Wall! That wall has made history.

For many years it has been there, and it has come in at three holes. First, it has been right up to the back of the green at the third, or Cardinal, hole; next, it was before the tee at the fourth; and then it was in front of the green at the twelfth, and necessitated a long carry with a second shot, or a deft little pitch with the third. Many is the gay approach, short or long, that I have seen rattle on to the third green through that channel on the left and hit hard up against the wall and rebound back to the hole. This was not golf, but the opponent liked it. This was always one of the most amazing circumstances of a championship course. At the twelfth, that carry over the



ONE OF THE AMERICAN COMPETITORS IN THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP AT ST. ANDREWS THIS MONTH: MR. FINDLAY DOUGLAS.

Mr. Douglas won the American Championship in 1898, in the two following years was runner-up, and in 1901 was in the semi-final. He was born at St. Andrews, so will be on his native heath at the forthcoming championship.

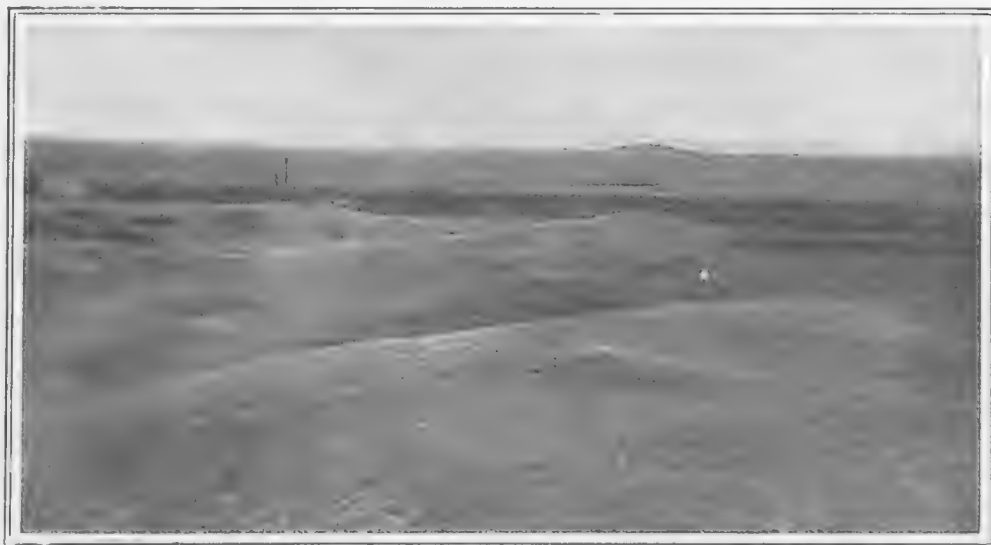


ONE OF THE AMERICAN COMPETITORS IN THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP AT ST. ANDREWS THIS MONTH: MR. HAROLD WEBER.

Mr. Weber was twentieth in the qualifying thirty-two in the American Championship at Wheaton, Illinois, last year, and was subsequently beaten in the second round of the match-play by Mr. Mason Phelps. He is a long driver, and a very accomplished all-round player.

interest to modern young England that ever was built was that which was erected by one Balbus, but there are no remnants of it

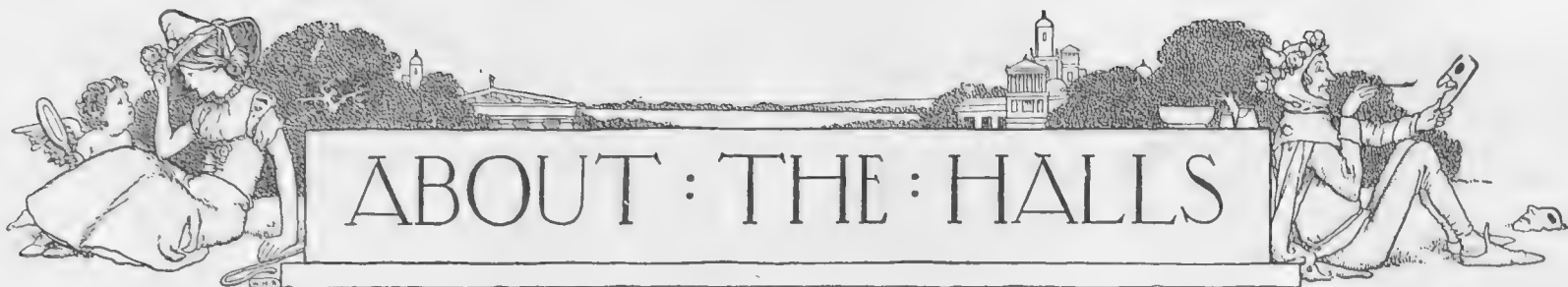
There are many stone walls in Britain set up by the Romans and others, of great historic value, but to golfers there are, besides the one of St. Andrews, only four others that are of very general and special account. One of these is the wall that cuts through the famous and well-beloved old course at North Berwick; another is the wall which completely surrounds the championship course at Muirfield, and shuts it in as if it were a show-ground, which it sometimes is; the third is the one on the championship course at Prestwick that runs alongside the way to the first hole, and there separates the course from the railway; while the fourth is the one which for generations has intersected the same course. There may be other walls, but they are not as these. Those that cut through courses have generally iron gates made in such a way that only human



SHOWING THE FAMOUS WALL, A WINNER OF MANY HOLES, WHICH HAS BEEN REMOVED: THE PUTTING-GREEN AT THE THIRD, OR CARDINAL, HOLE AT PRESTWICK, A CHAMPIONSHIP COURSE. This wall was responsible for many thousands of holes being won when they should have been lost, owing to the approach shots being too strong. The ball would hit the wall and rebound to somewhere near the pin.

wall with the second shot only became possible in the recent times of the rubber ball; and there is a story of one amateur trying to do it at the last championship, and, to get a better grip of the hard, dry turf, taking his shoes off for the shot. He did it. Alas, good wall, good-bye! The truth is, kind friends, that this wall is no more. The Prestwick people, after much advice, deep thought, and some unseen tears, have had it removed. They were told its day was done. And it has just gone. So has disappeared the most famous wall on any golf-course—one that has more affected great play than any other, one that can never be replaced. It is a token of the instability of all golfing things. But yesterday the famous Maiden hazard at Sandwich died the death; now the Prestwick wall departs.

HENRY LEACH.



FROM FRANCE, FROM GERMANY, AND FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND.

THE notion of transplanting a revue, lock, stock, and barrel, from the Paris Ba-ta-clan into the middle of Drury Lane is original enough to take one's breath away, but this strange thing has happened, and the Middlesex management is to be congratulated heartily upon its achievement. "J'adore ça!"—now called "I Love It!"—was a great success in Paris, and succeeded in obtaining a run of over two hundred and sixty nights, and Mme. B. Rasimi was well advised to take part in this interesting experiment. Here we have the real thing, and it is interesting to compare the methods of the French inventors of this species of entertainment with those of their English followers. The first point that strikes one is that the French generalise more than we do. When they seek to satirise they go to the root of the matter, and do not confine themselves to scoring off individuals. If by chance there is a Parisian Lloyd George or a Parisian G. P. Huntley in existence, we are not treated to mimicry of them. The only living people who are personated in this revue are Mr. Grahame-White, Miss Trehawke Davies, and M. Blériot; and they are only brought on as representative celebrities in "Le Triomphe de l'Aviation." The second point is that the French give fuller play to imagination. No revue that we have seen so far in London has contained anything at all like the series of tableaux we here have representing the five chief operas of Massenet, to the accompaniment of really fine singing of excerpts from the works represented. There is infinite variety, and many subjects are touched upon—the mannequins, the Apaches, and the Suffragettes. Now we are taken to Paris, now to Rome, now to Seville, and finally to Boulogne, and wherever we are we find the company working with a will, singing more than capably, dancing with agility, and generally giving life to the performance. Most of the music is extracted from leading operas, and is well rendered, especially by Mlle. Lynder and M. Perol, and the climax is reached in an invigorating and appropriate laudation of the Entente Cordiale. The piece is mounted with much lavishness and originality, the costume of the lady who looks as if her sole attire was a black muff being especially ingenious. In spite of the fact that few in the house are especially familiar with the French language, the whole thing goes with a swing, and our French friends will have no reason to regret the surprise visit they have paid us.

A Revival. Those who bear sway at the Coliseum have decided that their patrons can stand another helping of Professor Reinhardt's "Sumurun," and they are probably correct in their surmise. The spectacle has been considerably compressed since its first production, and this is all to the good. Much

water has flowed under the bridges since that date, and much that was novel then is now familiar to us. We have grown used to seeing processions passed down "le pont des roses" through the centre of the stalls, and we gaze upon such things nowadays with a somewhat blasé air; but the story is told with such seriousness that, complicated as it is, it still continues to maintain its grip, and the music fails to pall. The irascible Sheik still looms portentously over the proceedings, and Herr Paul Conradi cuts an extremely imposing figure. Herr Edward Rothauser puts a lot of good work into the part of the hunchback whose insensible body is bundled into a sack and subjected to other indignities. Fräulein Maria Andor makes the most of the part of Sumurun, and is backed up with great vivacity by Mlle. Tortola Valencia; while as the beautiful Oriental slave Fräulein Leopoldine Konstantin displays powers of a very high order. Altogether, this revival is deserving of our patronage. The Teuton has rather a heavy hand in his treatment of spectacle, but it cannot be justly denied that his solemnity succeeds in holding the attention and providing the eye with much that is novel and much that is beautiful.



THE NEW MURIEL PYM IN "MILESTONES," AT THE ROYALTY: MISS MARY MERRALL.

Miss Merrall took the place of Miss Gladys Cooper (who is now playing in "Diplomacy") and is appearing with considerable success.—[Photograph by Alfred Douglas.]

badinage with him. He appears to exercise some magnetic influence over his fellow-countrymen. When he laughs they laugh, and when he gives a whoop they are constitutionally incapable

The Pawky Scot. The reappearance of Harry Lauder after one of his periodical visits to the United States is always the signal for a popular demonstration. His compatriots flock to give him an uproarious welcome and seize upon the opportunity to exchange gentle

of abstaining from whooping in response. They would apparently be content to listen to him throughout the entire evening, and if they can only manage to extract a speech from him they are plunged into a transport. It cannot be conceded that in his new songs the popular songster has been particularly fortunate. Neither "The Portobello Lass" nor "It's Nicer to Lie in Bed" stands any chance of attaining to the popularity of "I Love a Lassie" or "Stop Your Tickling, Jock," but though they are not up to the mark, Harry Lauder, with his all-embracing geniality, makes them go, and still the house clamours for more. In



"SUMURUN" REVIVED AT THE LONDON COLISEUM AN EPISODE FROM THE FAMOUS REINHARDT PRODUCTION.

Photograph by Hoppe

treating of a matter of such historical importance as Harry Lauder's return no detail is too small to be placed on record, and I must therefore not omit to mention that the pride of Caldonia has come back to us without the gnarled and twisted walking-stick which has done so much to endear him to his supporters. There may be some hidden meaning in the scarlet umbrella which has displaced the old weapon, but I must merely content myself with recording a happening of undoubted public interest.—ROVER.



SOMETHING FOR THE MOTOR ENGINEER TO INVENT: CLUB CONTROVERSY: TAKE CARE OF THE MAGNETO!

A Prize for a Gas-Turbine.

Without a doubt, the gas-turbine engine is the dream of the internal-combustion engineer. Perfected in relation to the reciprocating engine as Parsons' steam-turbine has been in the case of the reciprocating steam-engine, such an internal-combustion motor would almost present the perfect power unit. That such a consummation is not despaired of is evident from the fact that Mr. W. Worby Beaumont has suggested that the Royal Automobile Club, as a society of encouragement, might perform an important service by offering a prize for the best practically useful rotary or turbine oil or spirit engine satisfactorily applied to an automobile, and entered for trial under R.A.C. regulations in 1915. This suggestion has been accepted by the Technical Committee, and will now go forward for the consideration and confirmation of the Club Committee. It is not contended that there is at present any internal-combustion motor that fills the bill, but invention, so far as it has progressed, offers sufficient inducement to make such an offer desirable in the best interests of automobile progress.

The Clubs in the Balance.

Before these words see the light the die will have been cast by the General Committee of the R.A.C. as to whether they will cut themselves adrift from the affiliated clubs or no. At the present moment the members of affiliated clubs are enjoying all the privileges of the Associate Members (who pay a sum of one guinea per annum) for five shillings. Notwithstanding the large and increasing individual membership, more money is required to finance the Road Guides scheme, the establishment of which was approved and endorsed by the representatives of the associated clubs in General Committee assembled. Now that the clubs are asked to promise a further contribution of five shillings per head, if needed, they—or at least a majority of them—propose to make a complete *volte-face*, to refuse the promise of the additional contribution, and to force the General Committee of the R.A.C. to abandon the Road Guides. In this, to my mind, the clubs are very ill-advised, for the reason that, in view of the huge accretion of individual associates due to the institution of the Road Guides, the R.A.C. cannot drop that scheme; and, further, all the privileges of any value which accrue to members of associated clubs derive from the R.A.C. Separated from the parent body and its benefits, the clubs are left without anything worth a toss of a biscuit to offer their members in return for their subscriptions.

Magneto-Lifting on the Increase.

There is so much touring done in these days, and cars have from time to time to spend the night in so many strange places, that it behoves motor-car owners or their drivers to see to it that their cars are safely bestowed in a lock-up garage, or that their magnetos are so secured in their seatings that they cannot be removed without a good deal of trouble, or not at all. In view of the constant stress that is laid upon ease of detachment and accessibility of this particular organ of a motor-car, it would seem a retrograde step to suggest that it should now be made difficult of removal. But in the present epidemic of magneto-lifting, the matter really requires serious consideration. A Bosch magneto so seldom goes wrong or gives trouble nowadays that, as long as its working face is easily placed for cleaning the distributor and the contact-breaker, it might be welded to its seating, for the matter of that. In view of the activities of the magneto-lifting gentry, who are very much abroad at present, it would be wise, at any rate, to make the lifting almost an impossibility—or, in the case of an open garage and an easily raised magneto, to remove the same at night to the safety of one's bedroom.

Care of the Steering. It is no less strange than true, that though everything on earth depends on one's steering-gear, it is just the one part of the automobile mechanical economy which gets least attention.

This being so, it speaks volumes for the sound work generally put into this part, for it is seldom, if ever, that the irresponsible reporter ascribes a motor accident to failure of the steering. He pins his faith to failure of the brakes, and sticks to it like a limpet. Nevertheless, the steering-gear ought really to get more attention, and this is emphasised by an informative dissertation on the subject in that interesting monthly the *Austin Advocate*, under the title of "Protect Your Purse and Your Person—and Look to the Steering-Joints." It is pointed out that a large amount of work is thrown upon the ball and socket joints, which, to protect them from dirt and injury, are enclosed in leather cases and stuffed with grease. Notwithstanding this, mud and water penetrate, the grease becomes gritty and deteriorates, and the whole mass gradually solidifies and destroys the sweetness of the steering. These covers should be removed at least once a month when the car is in

regular running, the joints washed clean and sweet with paraffin, the covers cleaned, and then all repacked with fresh grease of good quality.



ONE FRIEND-OF-MAN POWER: A CAR WITH A DOG AS MOTIVE-POWER.

The movement of the dog's legs works an endless band, which passes over cogged wheels and so sets the car in motion.



WHY CANNOT ALL THE SIGNPOSTS BE AS AMUSING AS THIS? THE POST SET UP BY THE KING NEAR WOLFERTON STATION.

The device shows Tyr, son of Odin and god of war and victory in Northern mythology, seeking to wrench his arm from the jaws of Fenrir, the wolf. He is represented with one hand, the other having been bitten off by the wolf, in whose mouth he placed it as a pledge. Wolferton is said to have been named after Fenrir.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



SNEEZES enter into some of middle-age's most romantic memories of youth. There was that child who wandered into a cave in which wicked smugglers would make short work with her did they discover her in her place of hiding, all their secrets overheard. A sneeze would betray her, and sneeze she felt she must! This breathless experience for the reader is renewed by nurses, day and night, watching at the bedsides of patients after severe operations. The case of the Duchess of Connaught is one in point. For five days after her operation, said the surgeons, a sneeze would cost her her life. Never was so much care taken to exclude all possibility of irritation by dust or otherwise. Had pepper been the dearest wish of that Royal Duchess, then the dearest wish of a Royal Duchess had been resolutely refused. The threads of the bandages were veritable threads of life—of death had they been broken.

A "Very Small" Dance. Lady Brownlow has decided to give "a very small dance"—the most elastic of terms—on June 3. There is time enough for her plans to grow, and room enough at 8, Carlton House Terrace to let them do so—up to a point. Some sort of limit must be set upon the invitations issued for an occasion that is easily spoilt by overcrowding. One after another, the dances of the season have afforded nobody pleasure through the failure of hostesses to give, when the time comes, "a very small dance." A drawing-room full of people is all very well, but not for waltzing. Lady Brownlow's list of possible dancers is long enough to spoil a dozen dances. Her task is akin to that of the Hanging Committee at Burlington House; she must keep out more than she lets in. Her friends are, so to speak, the accumulation of years. And she keeps them, despite the rigorous methods of a most exacting and careful hostess, just as she keeps the good looks noted by Princess Alice at Sandringham over thirty years ago: "Lady Brownlow is very handsome," she wrote, and time fails to belie her words.

Harmonies.

One of the lesser amenities of life, but still a refreshing one, was supplied by the presence of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's band at the ball given by Lady Edmund Talbot for her favourite charities. Once on a time, when

a Roman Catholic church was burnt down in Holland (and no ladies in the case!), the Jews of the place built a new edifice for their neighbours, who, in turn, dedicated it to Moses. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, by sending his musicians to Lady Edmund, made harmony of all sorts; and the young ladies who waltzed—not, on this occasion, to husband themselves, as Byron said they always did, but rather to husband the resources of this and that Roman Catholic charity—were loud in their praise of the master of the musicians, one of them going so far as to hope it meant a Band of Hope for his conversion.

Timed Tables.

Mrs. Alex Tweedie's guests at dinner the other night included the Servian Minister, Lord and Lady Shaw, Lord and Lady Aberconway, Mr. and Mrs. Garvin, Lord Devonport, Mr. and Mrs. John Lavery, and many more. Although gathered from many professions and places, they were all punctual. Mrs. Alex Tweedie is known to be stern about her time-table. She is fond of telling an unpunctual guest of a woman who invaded London Society with all the required advantages, but found her reign at an end before the season was over because "she spoiled more dinners in three months than anyone I know."

Not Catalogued.

There was one Browning relic not to be seen and sold at Sotheby's. The poet's Oxford doctoral gown was there, the watch that enabled him to keep time at his almost daily dinings-out, and even the sleeve-links which were always rather prominent on those. But where were the liveries of the gondoliers



IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "MISS JOAN DONALDSON"—BY ALBERT H. COLLINGS.



IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "THE HON. HENRY PORTMAN"—BY OSWALD BIRLEY.

Mr. Portman is the eldest son of Viscount Portman, and was born in February 1860. In 1901 he married Emma Andalusia Frere, daughter of the late Lord Nigel Kennedy, and widow of the fifth Earl of Portarlington.



IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "THE VISCONTRESS MAITLAND"—BY WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, A.R.A.

The marriage of Viscount Maitland, eldest son of the Earl of Lauderdale, and Miss Gwendoline Lucy Vaughan-Williams took place in 1890. Lady Maitland is the daughter of the late Judge R. Vaughan Williams, of Bodlonia, Flintshire.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Persia or Peckham?

romantic fate of a young English girl who had leapt, from the semi-obscurity of a stall at the Crystal Palace, to be the wife of one of the courtiers of a Shah of Persia. Once in that country, she naturally took her place in the harem, among the other wives, but seems to have been treated nothing less than regally, for this ex-attendant at a Crystal Palace stall met, on equal terms, the Persian ladies of the royal harem. Moreover, she made herself extremely popular by translating to them the doings of "Sherlock Holmes," a fact which throws a curious sidelight on the taste of modern Oriental women. Not for them, apparently, the songs of Hafiz, or odes to the nightingale and the rose; what they want, like all twentieth-century folk, is the romance of Action. Yet our English shop-girl was content enough in her harem until her Persian husband died, and then she tried to get back to this island, bringing her little son with her. And her end was — Peckham. In that region of dun brick, of tram-cars, of frumpy respectability, one wonders if this adventurous lady does not dream of the rose-gardens of Teheran, of cool fountains and cooing doves, of the glamour and the ritual of Oriental life? For the harem of a great magnate seems to be no such bad refuge from a hard world, and we have lively memories of the English heroine of Mr. Pickthall's "Veiled Women," who could not be induced to leave its secure and do-little existence. Nor is it to be wondered at that English dancing-girls and the like occasionally contract these marriages with high and mighty Oriental personages. Such unions represent to them golden Romance and high Adventure. In any case, Persia, one would think—that is, the Persia of twenty years ago—could give points to Peckham.

The Demand for Amusement.

It is small wonder that it is the pretty and the piquant who get most of the good things of life, for the human demand to be "amused" extends even to the animal world. A glaring example is that of birds. There are hundreds of honest brown birds, sober of dress and reticent of speech, for whom no one cares a pin, and should they help themselves to the good things growing in orchard or field, are exterminated without mercy. But let a bird possess an aigrette, a gay-coloured waistcoat, or a sensational top-note, and floods of rhetoric will be let loose in its favour. In such a case, it is a crime to destroy it, and the inference is that it is because these pretty creatures amuse and interest human beings, and not because they have any more intrinsic right to live than their plain and inarticulate relations. Personally, I like those engaging little Cockneys, the sparrows, but very few people take the trouble to feed them, even in the wintriest weather. Yet how optimistic is their chortling and chirping in the summer dawn, and how their fat little brown bodies

and pert tails make gay the London roads and gardens. In the pageant of the spring-time, they play their part, even if they know not the eloquence of the nightingale or the ecstasy of the lark. Merely because they are not gaudily dressed or accomplished, the sparrows have few friends and sympathisers.

"To Dance and Sing!"

I am not surprised at the growing popularity of the Morris-dance, which probably harks back to a remote antiquity. Who was it who said that a Cave-man lurks somewhere in all of us? When the

Cave-man wished to express his joy and exaltation, he probably performed something very like the stick-dance which Miss Mary Neal's Espérance Guild gave at the Globe Theatre the other afternoon; for do not certain remote tribes give vent to their feelings in a similar fashion to-day? That is why this curious jiggling dance, which has a character all its own, appeals to something instinctive in all of us. The simplest methods are used to gain the effect aimed at. A couple of large white pocket-handkerchiefs (though these must be anachronisms) are usually the only "properties" employed, but in the hands of an expert performer these simple pieces of cotton can be made to do wonderful things. They are at once a signal, a symbol, an invitation, a refusal, and in the case of Mr. Neville Lytton, they dexterously became a kind of continuation of his hands, and were used with amazing effect. To my mind, the dances with song accompaniment were among the most charming, but that was because Mr. Clive Carey was singing. This artist has the secret of touching you profoundly by the simplest means, and his little song of the jilted swain—with a dance as illustration—was a case in point. The original Morris-dancers from Bampton-in-the-Bush were not as agile as the Espérance

Guild, but gave, perhaps, a more complete idea of these traditional jiggings.

"Rings On Her Fingers and Bells On Her Toes."

With these ornaments, as we knew in our nursery, the lady on the white horse at Banbury Cross was to "have music wherever she goes." And in this wise do the Morris-dancers add considerably to the gaiety and élan of their performance, for the girls have anklets of bells on their feet, and the men have them attached, I think, to the bouquets of flowers which are strapped to their legs. The Morris-dancers from a remote Oxfordshire village showed us how easy it is to make a costume with a few yards of gay ribbon and a bunch of flowers. It is true their clothes were of white linen, but their hats—ordinary high "bowlers"—looked quaintly like modern Paris creations, with their high panache of blossoms in front and their streaming ribbons behind. The only other modern male creatures, by-the-by, who decorate their hats with flowers and streamers are the crews of the competing boats on the Fourth of June at Eton, which shows how near akin, in reality, are peers and hinds in Britain.



COMFORT AND ELEGANCE: STUDIES IN TEA-GOWNS.

The seated figure wears white crêpe-de-Chine, with the jacket and wide flounce on the skirt of black Chantilly lace, and is sashed with blue charmeuse. The central figure is seen in a gown suitable for a small dinner-party, of black Liberty satin, and a scarf of rose-silk voile—swathed so as to form the bodice and drapery over the hips. The right-hand figure wears pale-rose charmeuse with a quaint fichu and encircling drapery of lace on the skirt.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 28.

POLITICS, HOLIDAYS, AND NEW ISSUES.

SINCE we wrote these Notes a week ago the political atmosphere is distinctly clearer. No one can help sympathising with Montenegro at having to evacuate Scutari, but it was really inevitable. Before the war the Balkan States were warned that they would not be allowed any territorial benefits, and although this has not been strictly adhered to, it certainly strengthened the Powers' position, and Austrian public opinion could hardly be expected to permit the retention of Scutari.

Needless to say, prices on the Stock Exchange have responded to this improvement in the outlook, although the Whitsun holidays and the Settlement which will be commencing as these Notes appear have acted as a check to business with the exception of American Rails. The improvement has been general, although Home securities have, perhaps, benefited to the greatest extent.

The Brazilian loan has made its appearance, and, thanks partly to bearing of the loan before allotment, underwriters received 94 per cent. of the total. The present quotation is $1\frac{1}{2}$ discount, at which figure it is undoubtedly an attractive South American investment. The large amount of the issue may prevent any very rapid improvement, but eventually the quotation should recover several points.

Further new issues are coming along, including, it is said, one for Bulgaria; and it will be interesting to see whether the opposition to the granting of a settlement, which was mentioned in one of the morning papers, will come to anything. Conflicting reports continue to be received as to the negotiations for the Chinese loan, and the ultimate outcome seems as uncertain as ever; the only thing that is clear is that China is very unwilling to pawn her future with the five-Power group.

HOME RAILS AND THE NEW RATE.

The official announcement that after July 1 rates will be advanced for passenger and goods traffic by all the Railways of the United Kingdom is good news for all holders of Home Rails, and should go a long way to allay fears of results during the second half of the year—satisfactory net figures for the first six months are, of course, already assured.

Strenuous opposition will undoubtedly be encountered from traders, but the expansion of working expenses, of which by far the largest part is due to increased wages bills, is sufficient proof of the justice of new rates, and no one can complain that they have not had sufficient notice. It is possible that these advances will, in certain cases, be challenged before the Railway and Canal Commission, but it is very unlikely that the Companies will be found unprepared with conclusive proofs to support their case.

The recently issued regulation enforcing plainer and more detailed marking of all goods should also have some effect in reducing the cost of handling by the Companies, as well as the risk of delay and trouble to the trading community. Altogether the outlook for Home Railways is distinctly hopeful: for instance, Midland Deferred, which received 3 7-8 for the whole of last year, and now stands at $75\frac{1}{2}$. Another Company likely to make an especially good showing is the Great Northern. To Great Central issues we have often referred.

Although the second half of the year cannot possibly produce results equally striking, the new rates should go far towards ensuring that they will be, at least, satisfactory.

MISCELLANEA.

On further consideration of the Report of the Technical Committee on the Marconi Contract, the market does not seem quite so enthusiastic, and quotations have gone back. Honestly, we do not see very much in this Report to encourage bulls of Marconis, nor in the indications of how profits are made by share dealings which came out in evidence at the special Commission, although these latter may enable a temporary rise in the shares to be engineered.

Since we referred to Hudson's Bays a week or two back, the market has been very firm, and the quotation has advanced to $12\frac{3}{4}$. We look for a still further advance before very long.

Now that conditions are more favourable, the long-talked-of campaign in favour of public utility companies is not unlikely to be begun with some vigour. Many of these companies have undoubtedly been very successful in the past, and we have no doubt that many will be equally successful in the future. On the other hand, all such Companies are not necessarily gold-mines, and our readers would do well to discriminate.

After the seemingly endless litigation of the last six years, a proposal has now been made to the Debenture-holders in the Bahia Tramways, Light and Power Company for the sale of the Company's undertaking and properties at Bahia. No actual figures are mentioned, but it is stated that the terms should ensure Debenture-

holders a sum about equivalent to the market value, which can, presumably, be taken to mean 50 to 55. The circumstances reflect little credit upon the astuteness of the promoters or the honesty of Bahia; but as the Company has not got enough funds to get along with, Debenture-holders will have to make the best of a bad bargain and accept.

The revenue statement of the West India and Panama Telegraph Company for the half-year ending Dec. 31, 1912, shows but little change from the figures of the previous year. The slight decrease in gross receipts is off-set by a reduction in working expenses, and the Ordinary shares receive the same dividend of 1s. per share. At 3 the shares look rather a promising lock-up, as they will benefit largely from the opening of the Panama Canal, and there is always the possibility of the undertaking being acquired by the American Government.

Investors looking for a high yield might well consider the attraction of two recent issues—namely, Lever Brothers 6 per cent. Preference shares at 21s., and the 6 per cent. Four-Year Notes of the United Fruit Company, of which 12,000,000 dols. were offered by Messrs. Higginson and Co., at 98½. Both are reasonably well secured, and the yields attractive.

JAMES NELSON AND SONS.

It will be remembered that, owing to a variety of reasons, this Argentine Meat Company issued a disastrous Report a year ago, and the Ordinary shares only received 5 per cent. by means of drawing upon the reserve fund. At the time we expressed the opinion that better results could be anticipated for 1912, and the dividend announcement which has just been issued endorses this view.

The First and Second Preference receive their full 7 per cent. for 1912, and also an additional bonus of 1 per cent. in respect of 1911. The Ordinary dividend is increased from 5 to 6 per cent., and a sum of £17,670 remains to be carried forward to the accounts of the current year.

When the full Report is available and we have heard the Chairman's speech at the meeting, it will be easier to form an opinion as to the prospects of the shares. Prices of cattle in the Argentine continue to rule very high, and an examination of this Company's dividend record will make it clear how speculative is the business, but the improvement shown last year is considerable and distinctly promising; so we are hopeful that it will be carried still further during 1913. But the shares are certainly not for the widow and orphan.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Wonder where I'm getting to," Our Stroller soliloquised, as he descended the steps, finding himself in a long, narrow corridor down below Shorter's Court.

Doors swung open violently every few seconds: the place was like a warren, with boys for rabbits.

He flattened himself against the wall facing the long line of telephone-boxes. The doors of some stood open. In one was a single telephone; in the next an elaborate switch-board occupied most of the space; in a third stood three telephone instruments; and so on.

A boy fell down the stairs, picked himself up and yelled out—"Canada three-quarters offered!"

On top of him rolled another boy; all the lads volplaned steeply down those stairs—

"Canada five-eighths offered!"

"They aint 'arf comin' down," remarked the first boy, referring impartially to Canadian Pacifics and his own friends.

Our Stroller heard the cries taken up inside the boxes, the prices being telephoned as fast as they were received.

"Where do these wires go?" he asked one young man who had apparently less to do than the rest.

"Everywhere," was the brief reply.

"Glasgow? Paris? Manchester?"

"Everywhere in London. Trunk work is mostly in Throgmorton Street. Some chaps talk to the Provinces from here, though. Yessir," and he snatched a list of quotations from another boy, springing into his box to rattle them off through the telephone.

"What do you pay for the little luxuries?" Our Stroller asked him as the lad emerged.

"I'd no; they don't pay me to ask questions," was all the satisfaction our friend got; but another youngster, scenting *pour boire*, volunteered the statement that he thought it was a hundred a year.

"There or thereabouts," said number one. "Several to let higher up."

Our Stroller had no small change, and, as he departed, the boys discussed his clothes with an engaging frankness that would have made his tailor furious.

The Yankee Market was fairly lively with prices moving in an erratic fashion.

"Wall Street doesn't seem able to make up its mind what to do," observed a dealer to a broker. "First they bid for things, and directly afterwards they offer them."

[Continued on page 192.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

For the Links
and the Lanes
and the Lawns.

London is a dear and dusty memory this week. Its usual denizens are away seeking their pleasure in fresh surroundings. Three weeks' Parliamentary recess at this time of year is almost unknown, so people are making the best of it, and London shopkeepers are left to make the best of it, and increase in love for the Government! Meanwhile, the country is delicious. There are hundreds of shades of green in the trees; the lights and shadows on the hillsides are a continual fascination; the gorse is a beautiful El Dorado; on the links wild violets pop up their little pale-mauve heads; the lawns are masses of daisies, except where the poor dears are banned and may not show their pretty little fresh faces; primroses are still in bloom, and many woods are carpeted with wild violets, while cowslips stud the rich emerald grass with gold. The cuckoo calls, the lark carols, the blackbirds and thrushes serenade the rising and the setting sun; the country is perfectly delicious, and one is glad to think that so many are enjoying it.

The Tees
and the Greens
and the Wee
White Ball.

Has any small globe ever conquered the great one like the little rubber-cored ball? "Golf is so good for me," is a phrase one hears continually. Unlike most things that are good for one, it is also immensely enjoyable. Otherwise it might be good, but it would not be popular. Ladies love it as much as men do, and every year they love it more because such comfortable and becoming clothes are provided for them to wear when playing. At Marshall and Snelgrove's fine salons in Oxford Street and Vere Street, there is a magnificent assortment of golfing-coats. They are not worn so



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN HUGH E. WALKER, MISS MARJORY W. FORBES. Miss Forbes is the only daughter of the Hon. Atholl and Mrs. Forbes, of Brux Lodge, Aberdeenshire, and is a niece of Lord Forbes, who is her father's only brother. Captain Walker was formerly in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.—[Photograph by Annie Bell.]



ENGAGED TO MR. HAROLD MARTIN McCULLOCH COOMBS, MISS ISMAY HUDSON.

Miss Hudson is the youngest daughter of Sir William Brereton Hudson, K.C.I.E., of Fairholme, Challoner Street, West Kensington. Mr. Coombs, M.B., is the son of Mr. Rowland H. Coombs, M.D., D.L., J.P., of Bedford.—[Photograph by Thomson.]

look very smart, and they are in all colours; these are 27s. 6d., and there are fascinating caps to match. What are called curates' coats — because they button right up the front, but are, in colours, more like the garment associated with Joseph if each of his many colours had made one coat — are of very good shape, and of knitted silk, the belt deftly knitted in at the back, giving a becoming waist-line. These have a contrasting colour bordering the collar. Then there are tailor-made coats, woolly on the outside and stockingette in; these are also in many colours and nuances, and are 59s. and 65s. There is no end to the variety of these delightful coats, indispensable for a country holiday; and there are almost as many different kinds of caps and hats. When I state that Marshall and Snelgrove offer a choice of about seventy-five colours and shades, my readers will be sure that there they will be able to suit themselves in the ideal coat for country wear.

A Real Treasure. It is neither buried nor far to seek; it should always occupy a prominent position on the washstand or dressing-table; and it is the easiest thing in the world to get, for every chemist sells it: just a bottle of Beecham's Larola. When it proves itself the treasure is when a woman comes in from a game of tennis, a round of golf, a row on the river, a motor run, or any of the ways in which we enjoy fresh air and exercise. It cools, refreshes, cleanses, and makes and keeps the skin soft and smooth. No one should be without it, for those who are not in the open sit in hot rooms and subject their skin to vitiated air, and need to freshen and cleanse the skin afterwards. Men like Larola, too, and use it with particular pleasure at shaving-time.

A Master Builder. The tailor-built costume has undoubtedly come into its own again; consequently interest in the builder is intense. I visited Dale's fine establishment—12, Westbourne Grove—the other day and was delighted with the style and variety of their new models. A very smart coat and skirt of wide diagonal, ribbed cloth, with wide revers and white shadow-moiré collar, is cheap at 6½ guineas—the skirt in two pieces, and the coat single-breasted and fastening across with three large buttons. This suit is in the newest colourings. For 5½ guineas there is a neat, well-cut, soft covert-cloth coat and skirt, very smart and new, beautifully cut with a little belt at the back. A natural Shantung suit, with a collar and insets in cuffs of colour, is very chic; so, too, is a shadow-moiré model having a long coat and a skirt draped on one side and finished with buttons on the other. A beige-coloured whipcord coat and skirt is perfect for this season—there is a touch of black in the collar, and the buttons, in light tan with black rims and diamanté in the centre, are very chic. Little suits of linen-cord will have a vogue later, and Dale's make them from two guineas. They are well known as capital habit-makers, at a moderate cost; their equestrian attire is up to date and smart.



MISS WINIFRED COBBOLD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ALGERNON SLADEN WAS FIXED FOR MAY 7.

Miss Cobbold is the daughter of Lady Evelyn Cobbold. Mr. Sladen is a son of Colonel Joseph and Lady Sarah Sladen, daughter of the eighth Earl of Cavan.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO PLAY VIOLET AYNSELY IN "THE COUNTRY MOUSE," AT THE KING'S HALL, COVENT GARDEN, ON THE 29TH AND 30TH: THE HON. FAITH DAWNAY.

Miss Dawnay is the youngest daughter of Lord Downe, and is thirty-six.

Photograph by Sassano.

Continued from page 190.

"How do you read things here?"

"Well, you see, the companies are not doing particularly well just now. Traffics are indifferent, and most of the big lines are pouring out Bond issues."

"The Bonds are being taken?"

"Oh, they are being placed, of course, in most cases, though the underwriters have been landed with a lot of stuff. Still, it means that the Common shares are having pretty considerable obligations placed in front of them."

"You read things lower, then?"

"Many of us are a bit afraid of being caught with overmuch stock on our books. But, of course, business might buck up, and you can see for yourself that it takes precious little buying to make the market good. If only——"

Two other men, standing by the side of Our Stroller, were discussing the eternal question of Canadas.

"—— on a line of their own," one said. "There's this big bull pool at work, for one thing; a bear account, for another; and the dividend to come off the price before long, for a third."

"One can buy Canadas after a fall with a fair hope of picking up a quick profit."

"Yes, and they're beastly dangerous things to be a bear of. The rest of the market I'm rather against, for the present."

"It ought to be right to buy Yankees when they all talk like this," said Our Stroller sagely, unaware that he had uttered his thoughts aloud.

"Quite agree with you," he was surprised to hear a bystander chime in. "I bought Rocks and Erie to-night, and out they go on a dollar rise."

Our Stroller thanked him for the hint, and then inquired what made the Market talk bearishly.

"It's the tariff business in the States, partly, and then, you know, the companies aren't doing particularly well; at least, some of them aren't. Must you? Good-night."

As he left Shorter's Court, our friend caught an emphatic opinion that——

"—— must be cheap."

"Dear boy," came the answer, "don't talk to me about Oil. It's a most disappointing market, and the only thing I should care to recommend as a really sound investment is——"

"I know. But the price is so high."

"Not so high as the possibilities are great. You asked me for a candid opinion about an Oil investment, and I tell you candidly

that the best I know is Shell. They might go to ten pounds a share in the future."

"Isn't there some talk of a new issue?"

"A Company like that must be able to use any quantity of money. The management is good, and the possibilities, looking at them as calmly as you like, are nothing short of vast. Mexican Eagles——"

"Hullo!" said Our Stroller's broker. "How do you do? By the way, you've got Wit Deep, haven't you?"

"Thanks to your friendly tip, I have. They are moving up, I see."

"Yes, that's what I wanted to speak to you about. I bought mine at the same time as yours, and I think we might take our profit."

"Right you are. Isn't the mine doing well?"

"Oh, very. But a profit's a profit. I am going to put the money into Malayan Tin, for a lock-up investment of the speculative kind."

And they retired into a shady nook. And next day, the broker sold the Wit Deep. And he bought the Malayan Tin.

Friday, May 9, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CELTIC.—The bonds you mention are a very fair Canadian investment, and we do not think you need be uneasy. The underwriters got a large proportion of this issue, hence the discount, but the price will gradually tend to improve as the redemption dates approach.

SADLY.—We should advise a sale, even at a loss.

F. J. N.—As long as you realise that they are a pure speculation and can pay for them; otherwise, no.

TORN.—Why? We can see no reason at all for you to risk your money.

NOTE.—As we go to press early this week, we ask the indulgence of correspondents whose answers are unavoidably held over.

At a meeting of the directors of the British Automatic Company, Ltd., held on May 6, the Board declared an interim dividend of 6d. per share, free of income tax, in respect of the half-year ending March 31, 1913, payable May 31, to shareholders registered on the books at 17th inst. The transfer books will be closed from May 19 to May 31, both dates inclusive.

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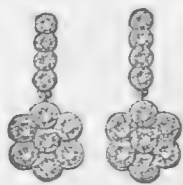
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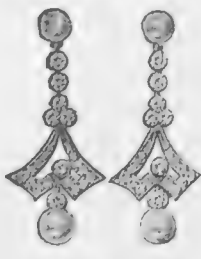


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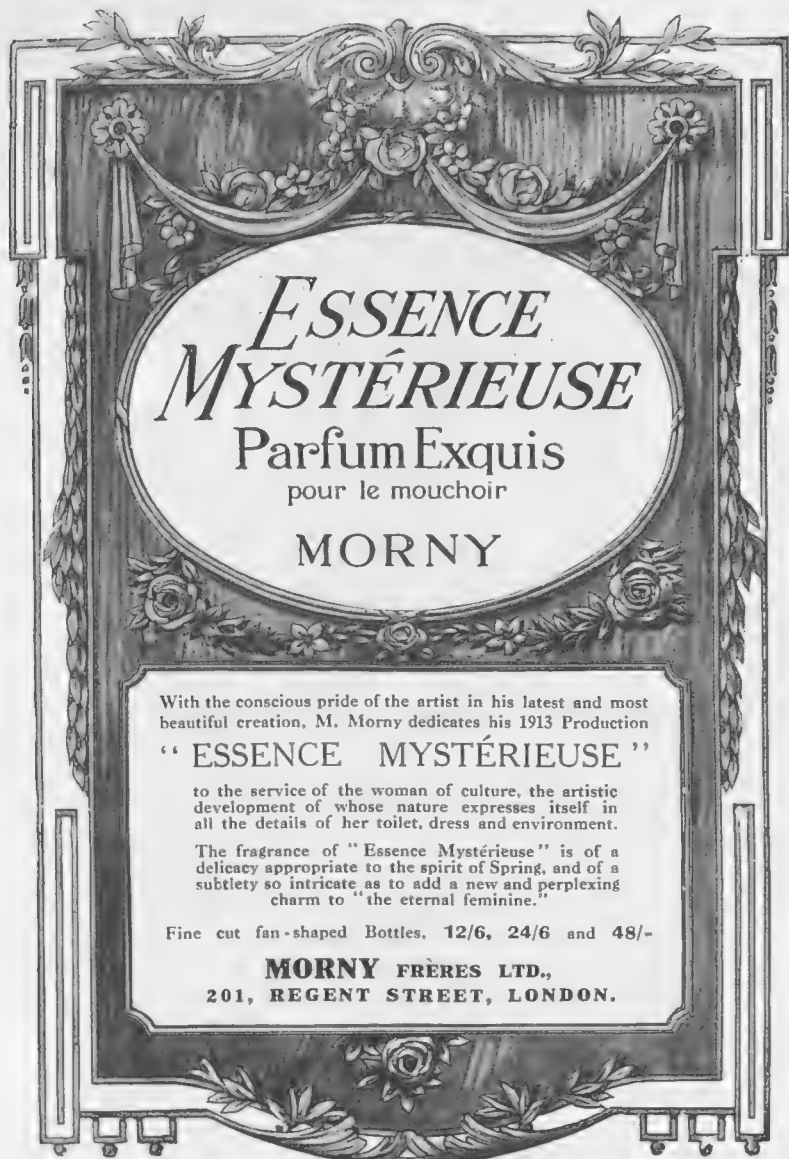
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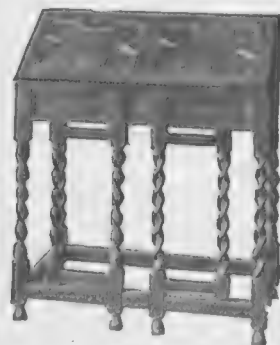
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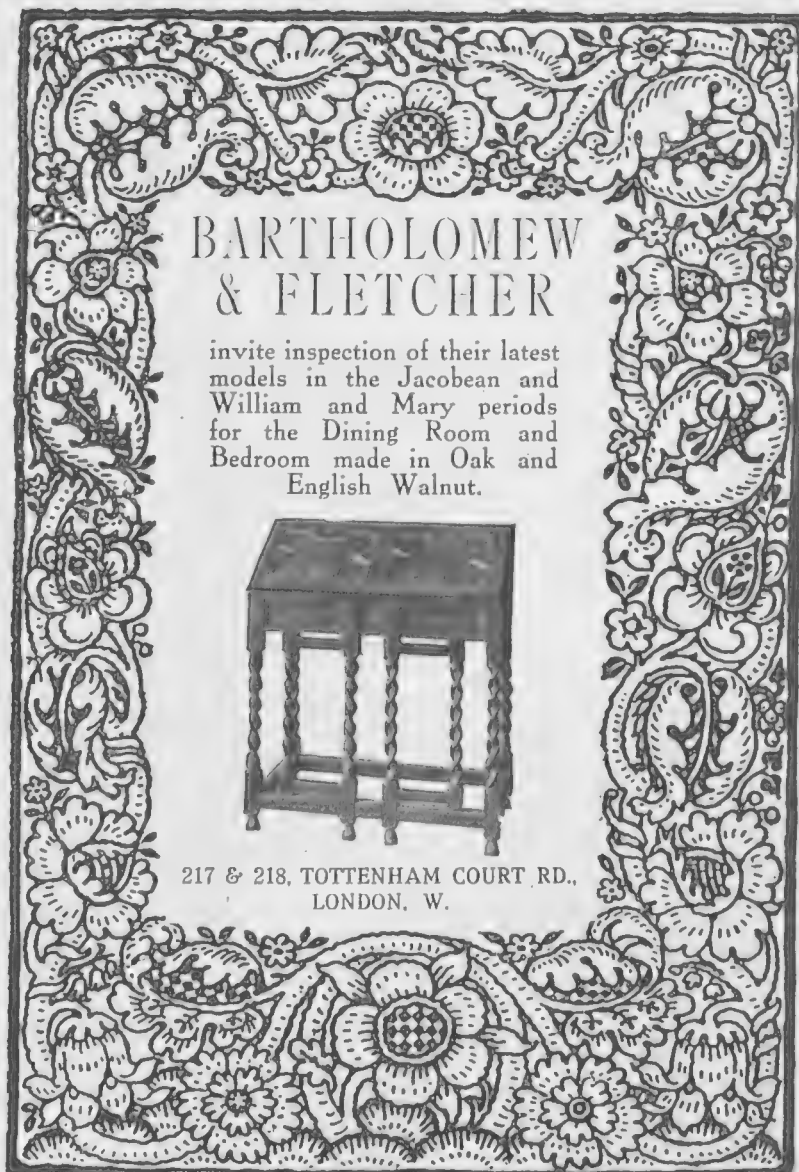


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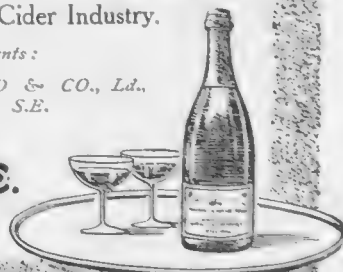
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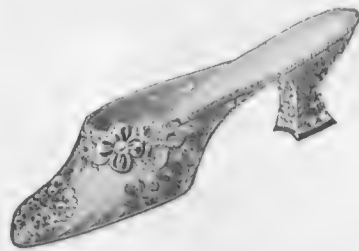
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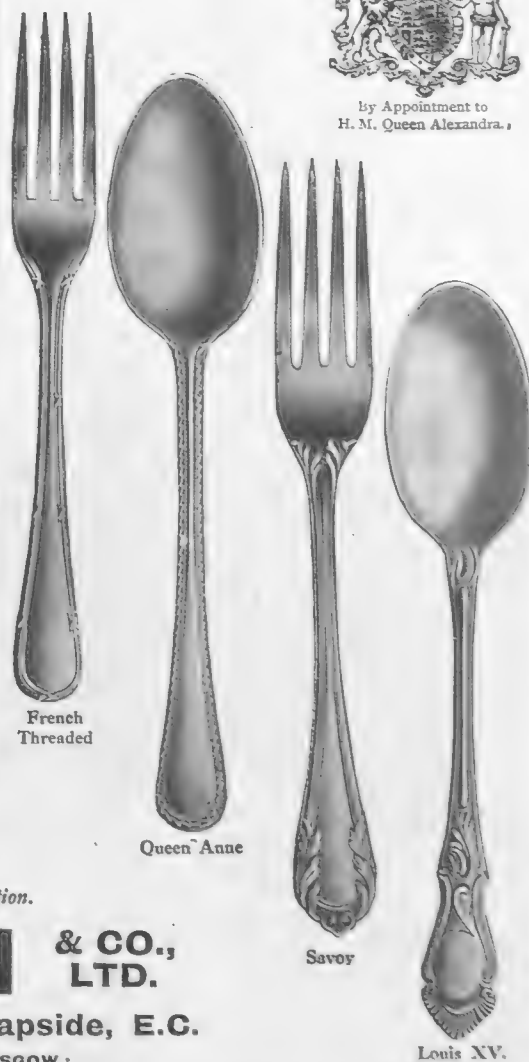


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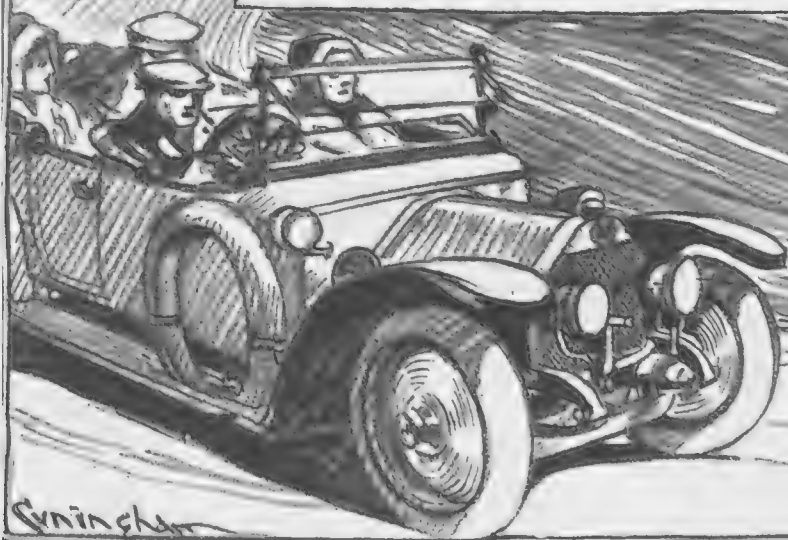


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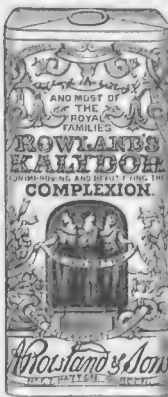
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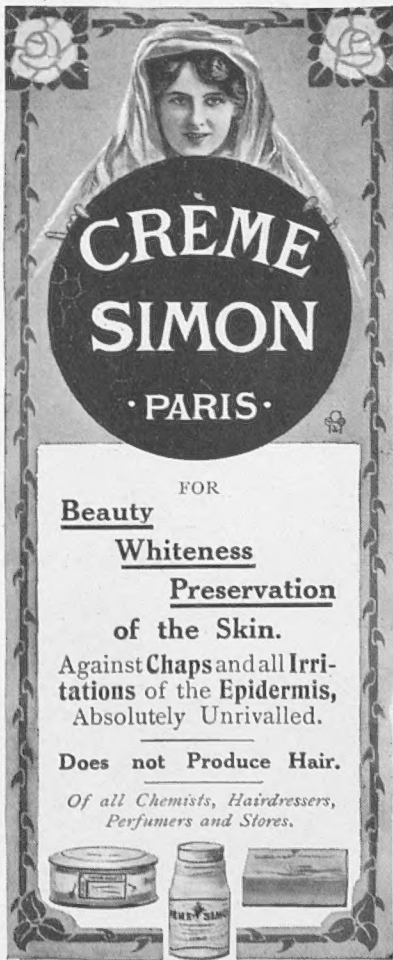
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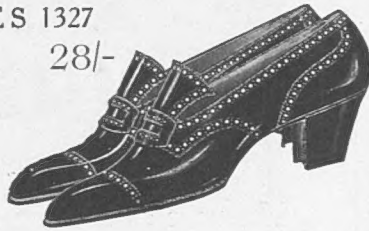
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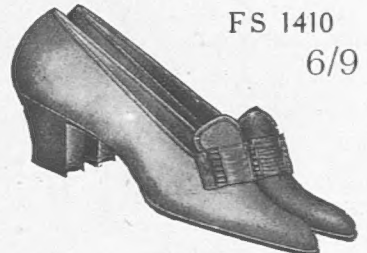
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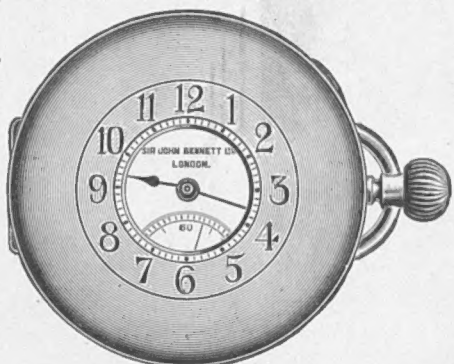
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Springs at a Standstill.

From time to time I have referred in these columns to the curious fact that in all the mechanical economy of an automobile, the springs have progressed less in design than any other part. Indeed, except for the improvement in the material used, it may be said with truth that no improvement whatsoever has been made in springs over and above those used by our great-grandfathers on their lumbering coaches. In this I find I am clearly borne out by Mr. G. H. Baillie, who, in a paper read lately before the Institution of Automobile Engineers, said: "Motor-car springs have received less attention from those who talk and write than any other part of the car. The author goes on to say that he does not know whether those who do things have been equally neglectful, but they have been remarkably silent about what they have done. A hunt through automobile literature has shown practically nothing of interest, apart from the question of steel suitable for springs. An examination of the practice in cars now upon the market shows that, with two or three exceptions, all springs are to the same pattern, neglecting differences too subtle for the ordinary observer."

Multum in Parvo.

The 1913 Handbook of the Automobile Association and Motor Union has, as might quite well be expected, been improved and enlarged in many details. In the first place, compact and handy as the volume is, the Hotel section contains over eleven hundred hotels which have been carefully inspected and classified, the information given in regard to each establishment invariably including full details as to charges for meals, accommodation, and—where such charges exist—garage expenses per night, or during meals. Comprehensive information is also included regarding facilities for repairs, etc., at 1400 garages in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Also the needs of motor-cyclists are served, and in every case the hours (weekdays and Sundays) during which the repairers are ready to attend to the requirements of passing motorists, are stated. Full details are also given of the beats covered by the cyclist-patrols, and the points at which telephones have already been installed in sentry-boxes on the main roads. It should be said that, in deference to the expressed wish of a large number of A.A.-ites, this telephone service is being extended as rapidly as possible.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

TWO important revivals constitute the crop of the week. "Strife," at the Comedy, was the earlier, and ought to draw. Mr. Galsworthy's admirable drama has hitherto only been offered in a very tantalising way for a few days at a time. The Press was unanimously enthusiastic—I wonder whether that was a healthy sign. The first-night audience applauded tremendously: no wonder. The drama, though to some extent it belongs to the "high-brow" school, is thrilling, and none the less for the reason that the author never tries to squeeze the last drop of juice out of the grape. Moreover, some of the acting is superb: Mr. Norman McKinnel has never done anything better than his kind of Rodin figure of the stern, sturdy old capitalist; whilst Mr. J. Fisher White, in the part of his chief opponent, the hysterical, fierce Welsh strike-leader, gives the best performance of his career. One felt inclined to wonder what Miss Renée Kelly was doing in such an affair, but certainly she acted very well. An able, striking performance was given by Miss Esmé Beringer, and one cannot overlook the meritorious work of Mr. O. B. Clarence and Mr. Luigi Lablache.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Shylock was new to London, so also was the Portia of Miss Gertrude Elliott. The revival of "The Merchant of Venice" constitutes the chief novelty of the Robertson farewell season. No effort is made to adopt the new ideas of Shakespearean production, of the influence of which there is no trace. Interest centres, of course, on the Shylock and the new reading, though, as far as one can judge, there is no new reading. The admirable actor seems to minimise the Jewish element as far as possible, to aim at pathos and dignity: in all this he succeeds perfectly, even if he hardly shows the grandeur which marked Irving's picture of the usurer. No Shylock of our time, at least, has invested the character with so much charm, nor has any delivered the set speeches so finely. Perhaps in the Trial Scene the note of malevolence was too much subdued. Taking the performance as a whole, it will enhance the reputation of Mr. Robertson, even if it throws no new light on the character. Miss Gertrude Elliott, as Portia, seemed to please the audience very well. Mr. Ian Robertson was the best Duke that I recollect, and Mr. Basil Gill a picturesque Bassanio.

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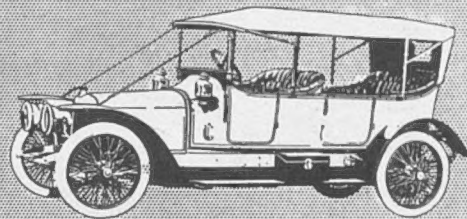
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